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Agricultural.

FROM PAW PAW TO VICKSBURG.

On the last half of the afternoon of the 11th inst., Mrs. G. and myself started for Schoolcraft to be within easy reach of the Farmers' Picnic at Vicksburg, which was to be held the next day. This trip of 25 miles was partly in fulfillment of a promise made last winter to attend this gathering, with the added interest attached of enjoying a visit with friends in Schoolcraft.

If it needs any argument to prove that roads add to the appearance and real value of a county, the skeptic needs only to make a trial trip across the extremes of good and bad which present themselves occasionally in even so fine a State as ours. The enterprise that will improve fine farms, will "slop over," as it were, into the roads and make them fine also. It was a notable feature in the experience of sportsmen in the early days, that the "runways" where deer were frequently fired at, were at last abandoned or if one was forced to enter upon them, he did so with a good deal of trepidation and wariness. The road from Paw Paw to Schoolcraft is an old time "runway," and I suppose, in those days when all the roads were equally bad, this stretch across the Mattawan hills was endured from necessity, a not so much uncomplimentary comment was made upon the forsaken outlook along it. Some of the lands beside this road I know were formerly considered as good as others that are now worth 100 per cent more, and the difference is clearly on account of bad roads, and their run surface, which prevented the early settlers from disposing of them; and many that formerly produced fairly well, are now abandoned, or held by some impecunious persons who occasionally scrape off a scanty crop of rye or buckwheat, with frequent attempts at "white beans." The discouraging foot-hold for the horse over these roads, and the weary plodding for the travelers is concrete misery to both. What will be the future of these farms, or "holdings" rather, is difficult to foresee. Many of them are now assessed at one third more than they would bring. If they could be rated and bought at a nominal price, they could be attached to valuable farms as grazing lands for sheep, which is their only hope. I speak of these lands as the type of a class found in every county, where the good, well cared for farms are becoming better year by year and the poor lands are growing poorer. They stop up a big hole in the north that would be made by their sinking, which is perhaps compensation enough for their room and company.

On this trip, poor roads were no a continuous complaint. As the border of Prairie Route was reached the land became level and the roads smooth. Here a top mile per hour gait could be kept easier than the plodding plough through the sand on a walk. Crops, farms, and the roads here again correspond. Corn, with the over-hanging ears on a level with the fence top, so dense as almost to lose the semblance of the rows, was seen on almost every farm; huge piles of straw or stacks of grain surrounded the buildings and the evidences of a prosperous crop year were everywhere at hand. I am informed that not so much wheat as usual will be sown this fall, and I saw but a small portion of the fields being fitted for that crop. Wherever manure had been hauled to the fields, it almost invariably still lay in piles where it had been dumped weeks ago. The lesson of spreading as fast as drawn, will sometimes be learned, because it is the only economical way of securing its benefits, and farmers will ultimately find it out, and practice it.

One drenching rain coming on the piles before they are spread, leaches through them into the soil and fertilizes the one spot in excess of the needs of any crop. The scattered pile afterwards furnishes but little nutrient to plants in the other parts of the field.

The five miles separating Schoolcraft from Vicksburg is almost one continuous pleasure drive past fine residences and splendid farms. These are in a sense, rival towns—both villages being in the same township, and some excitement is usually developed at spring election for township officers. The farmers about Vicksburg have a good deal of public spirit and zeal, which is manifest at their gatherings. Their annual picnic is one of their institutions, in which they take a pardonable pride. It is regularly organized and officered, and the burden of different duties is set upon effective shoulders. This is the only disastrous year since the organization, occasioned by a rainy day at the appointed time the week previous, and this was the adjourned meeting. Hon. C. G. Luce was present on the appointed day, prepared to talk, but not to wet leaves and damp tree trunks. He could not be present at the meeting yesterday, so that the speaking was improvised from persons in attendance, which proved quite acceptable to the gathered crowd. The place was very pleasantly selected in a grove of large and small trees, and although the managers were deploring the failure, the outsider would never have supposed but that the company was of sufficient dimensions, and filled with sufficient enthusiasm to satisfy quite extreme expectations. Tables were scattered here and there, occupied by groups of neighbors and friends, who spread their dainty feasts, and made common cause of the viands. I heard a queer question several times before I comprehended its significance; it was "how is your mint," or "when are you going to cut your mint," and found that many of these men were from the famous peppermint regions of St. Joseph Co., and that the critical period of its gathering was at hand. Along with peppermint growing, potatoes are grown quite largely, as a general money crop. This new vein of agricultural information yielded quite an out-pour of new ideas which are laid away properly labeled for some future occasion. A. C. G.

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Imported Holstein-Friesian Bull Ykema 322, the Property of C. V. Seeley, North Farmington, Mich.

WHEAT EXPERIMENTS.

A Comparative Test of Forty-Nine Varieties at the Indiana Agricultural College.

As wheat growing is a prominent industry in Michigan the readers of the FARMER will doubtless be interested in a brief report of results obtained with different varieties of wheat in the adjoining State of Indiana. The wheats were grown at the Indiana Agricultural College, located at Lafayette, 60 miles northwest of Indianapolis. The climate of this section is similar to that of eastern Illinois, though perhaps a little less severe. The soil of the college farm is a dark loam, rather heavy, but naturally well drained by a gravelly subsoil. Forty-nine differently named wheats were sown side by side September 20, 1885, with a common two-horse drill, at the rate of one bushel per acre. The wheats were subject to the ordinary field conditions and were treated exactly alike.

Though apparently uniform the soil varied somewhat in its productive capacity as shown by the difference in yield of the duplicate plots of Velvet Chaff. For this reason each variety should be compared with the nearest plot of the above named wheat. The results are tabulated below. The yields and weight per measured bushel are exact, as shown by the scale, while the per cent winter-killed is estimated and of course only approximately correct:

Number.	Name of Variety.	Yield per Acre.	Weight per Bushel.	Per Cent Winter-Killed.
1	Dieth-Mediterranean	17.8	60 1/2	10
2	Martin Amber	21.8	59 1/2	10
3	Wyanadotte	19.0	57 1/2	15
4	McGhee White	18.2	58 1/2	15
5	Russian Smooth	18.0	59 1/2	10
6	White Bearded Mediterranean	16.3	61	30
7	Yarrow	22.2	62 1/2	10
8	Hickman	17.5	60 1/2	40
9	Gold Dust	14.5	58 1/2	40
10	Michigan Amber	24.4	62 1/2	5
11	Hicks	14.9	58 1/2	30
12	Hedge's Prolific	17.2	60 1/2	30
13	Smooth Scott	18.3	60 1/2	25
14	Dieth-Egyptian	18.9	59 1/2	25
15	European	18.0	60 1/2	25
16	Champion	20.3	60 1/2	10
17	Champion Amber	16.0	59 1/2	40
18	Lancaster	25.8	60 1/2	25
19	Emporium Scott	14.8	57 1/2	30
20	Michigan Amber (Purdue)	25.6	60 1/2	10
21	Michigan Wick	18.4	58 1/2	30
22	Velvet Chaff	30.6	62 1/2	5
23	Zimmerman	19.3	57 1/2	30
24	Tuscan Island Mediterranean	28.8	61 1/2	5
25	Full-Clawson	18.1	57 1/2	30
26	Dieth-Mediterranean	19.7	61 1/2	25
27	Pastagonian-Trigo	19.5	60 1/2	30
28	Dieth-Lancaster	18.3	60 1/2	30
29	Arnold's Gold Medal	24.9	62 1/2	10
30	Arnold's Hybrid	11.8	60 1/2	50
31	Red May	30.6	62 1/2	5
32	Velvet Chaff	30.6	62 1/2	5
33	York White Chaff	16.6	56 1/2	15
34	Landreth	21.8	58 1/2	15
35	Arnold's Gold Medal	24.9	62 1/2	10
36	Martin Amber	17.0	59 1/2	30
37	Red Russian	27.7	62 1/2	10
38	Lovert	15.5	57 1/2	35
39	Finley	18.5	58 1/2	35
40	Velvet Chaff	32.7	62 1/2	5
41	Armstrong-Lancaster	18.9	59 1/2	30
42	Rodgers	14.7	58 1/2	35
43	Clawson	24.9	62 1/2	10
44	Egyptian	20.1	60	30
45	German Amber	22.6	60 1/2	10
46	Full	17.9	59 1/2	15
47	Thelms	21.4	61 1/2	5
48	Badger	15.8	59	5
49	Velvet Chaff	30.8	62 1/2	5
50	Nigger	19.5	60 1/2	15
51	McCracken	17.4	59 1/2	15
52	Haines	16.2	60	30
53	Dott	6.3	62 1/2	60
54	Extra Early Oakley	5.1	58 1/2	75
55	Extra Early Oakley	24.4	62 1/2	5

* Estimated yield, as a part of the weights was lost.

* Not the same as No. 30; but a distinct sort resembling Full.

Several of these wheats have been grown at the college but one season and hence it is too early to pass judgment on them. Of those which have been grown here two or more years the Velvet Chaff ranks first, both as to hardness and yield. It is a bearded wheat, and the straw is of medium stiffness. The grain is large and plump. The Michigan Amber ranks high as to hardness and yield. It is a smooth wheat with a stiff straw and erect head; the chaff is brown like the Clawson. The grain is not amber as its name indicates, but a dark red. The kernels are large but angular, and hence not attractive in appearance.

The Dieth-Mediterranean is a fine variety, but will not endure well severe winters of this locality. Landreth and Martin Amber (practically one and the same thing) are

not quite hardy here. They grow rank, ripen late and hence are not suited to rich black soils. The Thelms is second to none in point of hardness but it yields only fairly well and has a very weak straw. The German Amber is a rather promising smooth wheat resembling the Fullt a good deal, but a little later and also more hardy than the latter.

A bulletin, giving a full report of these wheats and of other wheat experiments will be issued soon, and will be sent to all who apply for it.

As I receive many inquiries about wheats I will state here that the only wheat we have for sale which we can confidently recommend is the Velvet Chaff.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 9, 1886.

W. C. LATTA.

YKEMA 322.

We this week give an illustration of the Imported Holstein-Friesian Bull Ykema 322 D. F. Herd Book, and 214 Friesian Herd Book. Ykema is now four years old, being calved in March, 1883. His breeder was Hessel Johs, Adema, Tjerkwerd, Friesland. In 1883 he was imported by Messrs. Phelps & Seeley, and purchased by the latter when the partnership was dissolved. Ykema was sired by De Nijlander (105 F. H. B.); dam, Zwarte Ykema (509 F. H. B.). As a stock animal Ykema is proving a great success, giving good size, fine conformation, and handsomely marked calves. He is a large bull, and one of the smoothest of the breed we have ever seen. Mr. Seeley is thinking a great deal more of him to-day than when he scared off his competitors in the sale ring by bidding up to \$875 to secure him.

Weight of Shropshire Lambs.

DETROIT, August 11, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In your issue of August 8th, we saw the statement of the weight of Mr. Bixby's Shropshire lambs. We cannot report quite as good lambs as Mr. Bixby's, but think ours weighed well considering the pasture was not first-class, and they have not had any grain since turning to grass May 1st. Ten of the full blood Shropshires, at five months of age, weighed as follows: 95, 94, 90, 89, 88, 87, 85 and 81 pounds respectively. We have others we think as good if not better for their age. While weighing our full-blood lambs we thought we would weigh some of our half-bloods, which were bred from grade Merino ewes and a Shropshire ram. We weighed about 30, about a fair average of the flock, which consists of 110 head, and they weighed an average of 68 lbs. at four months old.

Yours truly,

VALENTINE BROTHERS.

Another Case of Sudden Death of Hogs.

St. Johns, Aug. 13, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I see in the last FARMER that A. Berger would like to know what ails the hogs, and I would like to know too. I had an old sow and four shoats between four and five months old running in a pasture; at noon of the 25th of July they were under a shed near the barn, and on going to feed them at night three of the pigs were missing. I went down a lane about fifty rods and found them dead, a few rods from a mound spring, and in the lot where they had run all summer. One lay on its side as if it had been thrown there, and the other two near by in more natural positions; they were bloated up and a bloody froth ran from the mouth. I could see no marks on them as though they had received any injury. They had water every day.

W. F. BEEBE.

In answer to a question from a subscriber at Dansville, Ingham Co., we would state that Mr. C. F. Mills, of Springfield, Ill., is still Secretary of the American Clydesdale Association. He certainly should have acknowledged receipt of your letters, and especially so in the case of the one enclosing draft. Write him again, as the letter may not have reached him.

OLEOMARGARINE.

Full Text of the Bill Regulating its Manufacture and Sale as Passed by Congress and Signed by the President.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That for purposes of this act the word "butter" shall be understood to mean the food product usually known as butter, and which is made exclusively from milk or cream, or both, with or without common salt, and with or without additional coloring matter.

Sec. 2. That for the purpose of this act certain manufactured substances, certain extracts and certain mixtures and compounds, including such mixtures and compounds with butter, shall be known and designated as "oleomargarine," namely: All substances heretofore known as oleomargarine, oleo, oleomargarine oil, butterine, lardine, suine and neutral; all mixtures and compounds of oleomargarine, oleo, oleomargarine oil, butterine, lardine, suine and neutral; all lard extracts and tallow extracts; and all mixtures and compounds of tallow, beef, fat, suet, lard, lard oil, vegetable oil, annatto and other coloring matter.

Sec. 3. That special taxes are imposed as follows: Manufacturers of oleomargarine shall pay \$600. Every person who manufactures oleomargarine for sale shall be deemed a manufacturer of oleomargarine.

Wholesale dealers in oleomargarine shall pay \$480. Every person who sells or offers for sale oleomargarine in the original manufacturer's packages shall be deemed a wholesale dealer in oleomargarine. But any manufacturer of oleomargarine who has given the required bond and paid the required special tax, and who sells only oleomargarine of his own production, at the place of manufacture, in the original packages to which the tax-paid stamps are affixed, shall not be required to pay the special tax of a wholesale dealer in oleomargarine on account of such sales.

Retail dealers in oleomargarine shall pay \$480. Every person who sells or offers for sale oleomargarine in less than one time shall be regarded as a retail dealer in oleomargarine. And sections 3,232, 3,233, 3,234, 3,235, 3,236, 3,237, 3,238, 3,239, 3,240, 3,241 and 3,243 of the Revised Statutes of the United States are, so far as applicable, made to extend to and include and apply to the special taxes imposed by this section, and to the persons upon whom they are imposed: Provided, That in case any manufacturer of oleomargarine commences business subsequent to the thirtieth day of June in any year, the special tax shall be reckoned from the first day of July in that year, and shall be five hundred dollars.

Sec. 4. That every person who carries on the business of a manufacturer of oleomargarine without having paid the special tax therefor, as required by law, shall, besides being liable to the payment of the tax, be fined not less than one thousand and not more than five thousand dollars; and every person who carries on the business of a wholesale dealer in oleomargarine without having paid the special tax therefor, as required by law, shall, besides being liable to the payment of the tax, be fined not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars for each and every offense.

Sec. 5. That every manufacturer of oleomargarine shall file with the collector of internal revenue of the district in which his manufactory is located such notices, inventories, and bonds, shall keep such books and render such returns of materials and products, shall put up such signs and affix such number to his factory, and conduct his business under such surveillance of officers and agents as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, may by regulation, require. But the bond required of such manufacturer shall be with two sureties satisfactory to the collector of internal revenue, and in a penal sum of not less than five thousand dollars; and in case of non-compliance by the owner or importer thereof with the provisions of this section relating thereto, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not less than one thousand dollars nor more than five thousand dollars, and imprisoned not less than six months nor more than two years.

Sec. 6. That all oleomargarine shall be packed by the manufacturer thereof in firkins, tubs, or other wooden packages not before used for that purpose, each containing not less than ten pounds, and marked, stamped, and branded as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, shall prescribe; and all sales made by manufacturers of oleomargarine and wholesale dealers in

oleomargarine shall be in original stamped packages. Retail dealers in oleomargarine must sell only from original stamped packages in quantities not exceeding ten pounds, and shall pack the oleomargarine sold by them in suitable wooden or paper packages, which shall be marked and branded as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, shall prescribe. Every person who knowingly sells or offers for sale, or delivers or offers to deliver any oleomargarine in any other form than in new wooden or paper packages as above described, or who packs in any package any oleomargarine in any manner contrary to law, or who falsely brands any package or affixes a stamp on any package denoting a less amount of tax than that required by law, shall be fined for each offense not more than one thousand dollars and be imprisoned not more than two years.

Sec. 7. That every manufacturer of oleomargarine shall securely affix, by pasting, on each package containing oleomargarine manufactured by him, a label on which shall be printed, besides the number of the manufactory and the district and State in which it is situated, these words: "Notice.—The manufacturer of the oleomargarine herein contained has complied with all the requirements of law. Every person is cautioned and instructed that any package again or the stamp thereon again, nor to remove the contents of this package without destroying said stamp, under penalty provided by law in such cases." Every manufacturer of oleomargarine who neglects to affix such label to any package containing oleomargarine made by him or sold or offered for sale by or for him, and every person who removes any such label so affixed from any such package, shall be fined \$50 for each package in respect to which such offense is committed.

Sec. 8. That upon oleomargarine which shall be manufactured and sold, or removed for consumption or use, there shall be assessed and collected a tax of two cents per pound, to be paid by the manufacturer thereof and any fractional part of a pound in a package shall be taxed as a pound. The tax levied by this section shall be represented by coupon stamps; and the provisions of existing laws governing the engraving, issue, sale, accountability, effacement and destruction of stamps relating to tobacco and snuff, as far as applicable, are hereby made to apply to stamps provided for by this section.

Sec. 9. That whenever any manufacturer of oleomargarine sells, or removes for sale or consumption, any oleomargarine upon which the tax is required to be paid by stamps, without the use of the proper stamps, it shall be the duty of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, within a period of not more than two years after such sale or removal, upon satisfactory proof, to estimate the amount of tax which has been omitted to be paid, and to make an assessment therefor and certify the same to the collector. The tax so assessed shall be in addition to the penalties imposed by law for such sale or removal.

Sec. 10. That all oleomargarine imported from foreign countries shall, in addition to any import duty imposed on the same, pay an internal revenue tax of fifteen cents per pound, such tax to be represented by coupon stamps as in the case of oleomargarine manufactured in the United States. The stamps shall be affixed and canceled by the owner or importer of the oleomargarine while it is in the custody of the proper customs-house officers; and the oleomargarine shall not pass out of the custody of said officers until the stamps have been so affixed and canceled, and shall be put up in wooden packages, each containing not less than ten pounds, as prescribed in this act for oleomargarine manufactured in the United States, before the stamps are affixed; and the owner or importer of such oleomargarine shall be liable to all the penal provisions of this act prescribed for manufacturers of oleomargarine manufactured in the United States. Whenever it is necessary to take any oleomargarine so imported to any place other than the public stores of the United States for the purpose of affixing and canceling such stamps, the collector of customs of the port where such oleomargarine is entered shall designate a bonded warehouse to which it shall be taken, under the control of such customs officer as such collector may direct; and every officer of customs who permits any such oleomargarine to pass out of his custody or control without compliance by the owner or importer thereof with the provisions of this section relating thereto, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not less than one thousand dollars nor more than five thousand dollars, and imprisoned not less than six months nor more than two years.

Sec. 11. That every person who knowingly purchases or receives for sale any oleomargarine which has not been branded or stamped according to law shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for such offense.

Sec. 12. That every person who knowingly purchases or receives for sale any oleomargarine from any manufacturer who has not paid the special tax shall be liable for each offense to a penalty of \$100, and to a forfeiture of all articles so purchased or received, or of the full value thereof.

Sec. 13. That whenever any stamped package containing oleomargarine is emptied, it shall be the duty of the person in whose hands the same is to destroy utterly the stamps thereon, and any person who wilfully neglects or refuses so to do shall for each such offense be fined not exceeding \$50, and imprisoned not less than ten days nor more than six months. And any person who fraudulently gives away or accepts from another, or who sells, buys, or uses for packing oleomargarine any such stamped packages, shall for each such offense be fined not exceeding one hundred dollars, and be imprisoned not more than one year. Any revenue officer may destroy any emptied oleomargarine package upon which the tax-paid stamp is found.

Sec. 14. That there shall be in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue an analytical chemist and a microscopist, who shall each be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and shall each receive a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars per annum; and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may, whenever in his judgment the necessities of the service so require, employ chemists and microscopists, to be paid such compensation as he may deem proper, not exceeding in the aggregate any appropriation made for that purpose. And such Commissioner is authorized to decide what substances, extracts, mixtures or compounds which may be submitted for his inspection in contested cases are to be taxed under the act; and his decision in matters of taxation under this act shall be final. The Commissioner may also decide whether any substance made in imitation or semblance of butter, and intended for human consumption, contains ingredients deleterious to the public health; but in case of doubt or contest his decisions in this class of cases may be appealed from to a board hereby constituted for the purpose, composed of the Surgeon-General of the Army, the Surgeon-General of the Navy, and the Commissioner of Agriculture, and the decision of this board shall be final in the premises.

Sec. 15. That all packages of oleomargarine subject to tax under this act, which shall be found without stamps or marks as herein provided, and all oleomargarine intended for human consumption which contains ingredients adjudged, as hereinbefore provided, to be deleterious to the public health, shall be forfeited to the United States. Any person who shall wilfully remove or deface the stamps, marks, or brands on a package containing oleomargarine taxed as provided herein shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than two hundred dollars, and by imprisonment for not less than thirty days nor more than six months.

Sec. 16. That oleomargarine may be removed from the place of manufacture for export to a foreign country without payment of tax or affixing stamps thereon, under such regulations and the filing of such bonds and other security as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, may prescribe. Every person who shall export oleomargarine shall brand upon every tub, firkin, or other package containing such article the word "oleomargarine" in plain Roman letters not less than one-half inch square.

Sec. 17. That whenever any person engaged in carrying on the business of manufacturing oleomargarine defrauds, or attempts to defraud, the United States of the tax on the oleomargarine produced by him, or any part thereof, he shall be deemed to be a manufacturer of oleomargarine, and he shall be liable to the same penalties and forfeitures as are provided by law in the carrying on or conducting of his business, or shall do anything by this act prohibited, if there be no specific penalty or punishment imposed by any other section of this act for the neglecting, omitting or refusing to do, or for the doing or causing to be done, the thing required or prohibited, he shall pay a penalty of one thousand dollars; and if the person so offending be the manufacturer of or a wholesale dealer in oleomargarine, he shall be deemed to be a manufacturer of oleomargarine, and he shall be liable to the same penalties and forfeitures as are provided by law in the carrying on or conducting of his business, or shall do anything by this act prohibited, if there be no specific penalty or punishment imposed by any other section of this act for the neglecting, omitting or refusing to do, or for the doing or causing to be done, the thing required or prohibited, he shall pay a penalty of one thousand dollars; and if the person so offending be the manufacturer of or a wholesale dealer in oleomargarine, he shall be deemed to be a manufacturer of oleomargarine, and he shall be liable to the same penalties and forfeitures as are provided by law in the carrying on or conducting of his business, or shall do anything by this act prohibited, if there be no specific penalty or punishment imposed by any other section of this act for the neglecting, omitting or refusing to do, or for the doing or causing to be done, the thing required or prohibited, he shall pay a penalty of one thousand dollars; and if the person so offending be the manufacturer of or a wholesale dealer in oleomargarine, he shall be deemed to be a manufacturer of oleomargarine, and he shall be liable to the same penalties and forfeitures as are provided by law in the carrying on or conducting of his business, or shall do anything by this act prohibited, if there be no specific penalty or punishment imposed by any other section of this act for the neglecting, omitting or refusing to do, or for the doing or causing to be done, the thing required or prohibited, he shall pay a penalty of one thousand dollars; and if the person so offending be the manufacturer of or a wholesale dealer in oleomargarine, he shall be deemed to be a manufacturer of oleomargarine, and he shall be liable to the same penalties and forfeitures as are provided by law in the carrying on or conducting of his business, or shall do anything by this act prohibited, if there be no specific penalty or punishment imposed by any other section of this act

Horticultural.

The Pear Midge.

Dr. C. V. Riley describes a comparatively new enemy to the pear, in the report of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for 1885, which threatens, if unchecked, to become a serious pest. It first appeared in orchards in the vicinity of Meriden, Conn., and is believed to have been introduced from Europe; Dr. Riley thus describes it:

"The eggs are laid in the spring, in the flower end of the fruit, as soon as or even before it 'sets.' The fruit grows and soon assumes a somewhat distorted appearance, or an irregular, somewhat knobby look, or occasionally a somewhat flattened appearance. If one of these young pears be cut open, its interior will be found to be channeled and grooved, the seeds separated and eaten into, and the entire core disorganized. Surrounding with excremental pellets, and partly imbedded in the flesh of the fruit, will be found from 10 to 30 minute yellowish-white maggots, which as they grow absorb more and more of the pulp, usually attaining their full growth before the interior of the pear is entirely consumed. When full grown they leave the fruit either through the calyx end or through a crack or soft spot, and drop to the ground, working their way underneath the surface. The larvæ progress, as do other species of *Diplosis*, by a series of skips or jumps, by which they fling themselves an inch or more in a horizontal direction. The small end of the body is curved under until it reaches the posterior margin of the first thoracic joint, the anterior end of the body being also somewhat curved downward, and is then snapped straight with some force as to lift and throw the whole body.

"After the larvæ are full grown, or nearly so, they leave the fruit, preferably during a rain-storm, or are forced from it by the rain penetrating the fruit. The following, from a letter dated June 1885, bears upon this point: 'Our men had gone over the orchard once, picking all that they could find, and were going over it a second time, when a violent rain-storm obliged them to quit for an hour or two. Returning after the rain, they observed that a basket which had been left out in the storm with two or three quarts of the wormy pears was alive with the larvæ, hopping about like so many fleas. They had all left the fruit, and were trying to escape from the basket. Upon examination, we found that the infested fruit on the trees had no larvæ. So the work was not so thoroughly done as we had intended.'

"The larvæ reach the ground by dropping from the tree, after which they immediately seek to hide themselves beneath the surface. They burrow to a greater or less depth, depending on the porosity of the soil, but rarely exceed an inch. They remain for a considerable time (just how long is not yet determined) in the naked larval state before commencing their cocoons, and then in the cocoons for another length of time before transforming to pupæ. The cocoon is whitish, thin, but tough, oval in form, and covered with adhering grains of earth. There is but one annual generation. The larvæ which go into the ground about the 1st of June remain there, either as larvæ or pupæ, until the following spring. In giving out the adult fly the pupa breaks through the cocoon and works its way to the surface, struggling until its whole body is in the air and the anal end only is held in the earth. The skin of the thorax then splits longitudinally and the adult fly makes its escape.

"No better, simpler, or more satisfactory remedy can be devised, in the light of what we know of the habits of this insect, than that used last season by the Messrs. Coe, which is to strip the fruit from the trees, in an 'off year,' and destroy it, either by burning after covering with kerosene, or by feeding to hogs before the insects have a chance to escape. This should preferably be done about the middle of May, or before the larvæ have attained full growth. So far as known at present, the insect infests no other fruit than the pear, and it ought not to be impossible for the fruit growers around Meriden to practically exterminate this pest in a single season. In 1884 this remedy was tried on the Coe place, but the insect reappeared in the spring of 1885, in greater numbers than expected, which showed that the picking was not done as thoroughly as supposed, or was done too late, or else that the insect had gained a good foothold in neighboring orchards, in which the picking was not tried. In a letter dated June 12, 1885, the Messrs. Coe give the result as follows: 'Our method seemed to answer for all practical purposes, as they had not come this spring in sufficient numbers to do damage by diminishing the crops. This is the bearing year for our orchards, and the trees all blossomed abundantly. The insect confined itself to its favorite pear, in the main. None were found in Anjou or Seckel and few in other varieties besides the Lawrence. The trees of Lawrence had, perhaps, one-sixth of the fruit infested.'

Horticulture in Lenawee County. The last meeting of the Lenawee County Horticultural society was held at the house of Mr. P. Collier, on the 4th inst., at which time Mr. Collier read a paper which we give as follows:

The strawberry being about the first to ripen, we will first give it attention. The picking of the strawberry is a delicate task. The stem should be snapped off as near the calyx as possible, leaving it adhering to the fruit, otherwise your fruit will appear in the market in a soft and untidy condition. As soon as you are likely to find a good market, you are likely to find a good market. Raspberries and blackberries need nearly the same treatment, and delicate fingers make the best pickers. Persons who are accustomed to handle the plow, or the shovel and the hoe, are not fit subjects to handle juicy, delicate fruits, as have been spoken of, unless it be with a dessert spoon, and with plenty of cream and sugar.

Currants I will pass for some current man to talk about, and stop a few moments among the plums, which should be left to fully mature on the tree, unless the market be far away. They are much better either for eating out of hand or canning. If you want them really attractive, assort as you pick them, for it is almost impossible to turn them down and assort, and again pick them up, without destroying nearly all the bloom. You cannot handle plums too carefully. The least pressure of the thumb and

finger shows a discolored spot under its delicate skin in a few hours.

Peaches require nearly the same careful treatment as plums. However, the time of picking might differ somewhat in the stage of ripening. It will hardly do to let the peach get quite so ripe, as it softens so rapidly after it is picked. A very good time to pick is when the ridged side or any portion of the surface will yield to a slight pressure. Many ladies will not accept peaches in their best condition. They say they go to pieces.

Grapes I will say but little about, any further than that were I in a vineyard where good grapes were plenty, I should pick, assort and care for some immediately. The pear is a fruit that should be picked as soon as it will separate from the limb. By raising up the pear the stem easily parts from the twig, leaving the stem on the fruit. Never, under any circumstances, pull the pear off. The stem never should be pulled out of the fruit or broken. Pears after being picked, if not sold, should be placed in a moderately cool room, not below 40 degrees, as much colder injures the flavor. When about time to ripen, gradually bring them to a higher temperature until ripe.

The same rule might be applied to apples that we would apply to pears for time of picking, particularly for long-keeping varieties.

When you pick fruit provide yourself with a ladder that will reach nearly to the top of your tree, also good baskets. Then one man on the ladder and one on the inside of the tree, and have them go round the tree together. Have them lay the fruit in the basket, not drop it, never allowing them to pick up an apple that falls to the ground, without it is put in a separate basket. Lay the hand-picked apples on the grass or canvas, assort carefully, place in clean barrels and head up, and put in a cool place.

Mr. Steers asked how to ripen the early summer pears when we have no cool place to put them.

Mr. Collier said put them in a dry cellar, but put them in market as soon as they will do.

Mr. Hough said he had seen it recommended to spread on a table, and cover with a blanket for ripening.

Mr. Steers said apples would not always part from the limb as pears do. Some varieties will never part readily; also that he would spread pears on the bare floor of an unused upper room, and cover with a blanket or an old carpet, where they will usually take on the highest coloring attainable. He recommended picking most varieties early, especially Clapp's Favorite, and such varieties as rot easy.

Mr. Collier said he was not an advocate of picking fruit green. He thought it much better to allow it to mature on the tree, but it should not become soft or mellow.

Mr. Helme said he usually picked summer pears about a week before marketing them. He usually picked them in small baskets, assorting as he picked, and ripened them in the baskets.

Mr. Strong said pears were ripe and in a proper state for picking when hard, and should mellow after being picked.

E. W. Allis, M. R. Palmer, S. B. Mann, Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Laing, were appointed a committee on grounds, fruit, etc., reporting as follows:

"Mr. Collier is a specialist in fruit culture, and has perhaps the largest pear orchard in the vicinity, consisting of fifteen to twenty varieties, and on a part of the grounds now occupied by pear trees, was formerly his plum orchard. But the severe winters of late froze nearly one thousand trees, and he now has them torn out. He reports to your committee that his Duchess variety has been frozen down two or three times, while other varieties have stood unharmed. He is fully of the opinion that the Standard trees are preferable as a rule. There are, perhaps, some exceptions. The Dwarfs must have constant and thorough cultivation, while the Standard can be in soil. The orchard is on heavy clay soil, and is about half of each, Dwarf and Standard. The Howell, Buffum, Anjou and Bartlett are fruiting fairly this year. But perhaps not more than one third of the orchard is bearing this year. Mr. Collier has a small vineyard of the Pocklington variety, also some Niagara and Duchess, Worden and Lady Washington. The Duchess he calls a failure, with him. The fruiting is good, especially the Pocklington. Mr. Collier has also quite an extensive apple orchard."

Concerning Grape Rot.

The Country Gentleman gives the following advice to a correspondent whose vineyard is badly affected by rot, adding that the disease is increased by neglect, till any remedy may become too expensive to be practical:

Protecting the bunches with bags of manilla paper has usually excluded the rot, if the bags are applied in time, or when the grapes first set or are no larger than large shot; but when the disease has been violent, the remedy has failed. The bags cost from one to two dollars a bush, and another dollar a thousand to put them on. The protection gives the grapes a finer appearance, but the operation does not pay in raising grapes for market, or when they sell for much less than ten cents a pound. Another remedy, not yet fully tested, is carbolic acid, an ounce dissolved in five gallons of water, and sprayed over the vines as soon as the rot first appears. A. W. Pearson stated a few years ago to the New Jersey Horticultural Society, that he had succeeded by using the old remedy of providing a roof over the vines. He placed a covering of half-inch boards sixteen inches wide over a trellis a hundred yards long, and under this shelter there was no rot, while on unprotected vines nearly all rotted. The width of the cover was found insufficient, as vigorous shoots would extend beyond it. Planting on dry ground is regarded favorably. George W. Campbell says the Delaware has always escaped the rot on his grounds, which suggests the importance of selecting those varieties which are least affected, and avoiding such as are specially liable, and are not aware that any tests for this purpose have been made. Our correspondent may try the experiment of giving his vineyard good cultivation another year, treating the soil with superphosphate and potash, and applying any or all the remedies we have mentioned above on portions of it.

Carnivorous Plants.—Terre Filius.

Having carefully observed a spray of bloom we have had sent us for inspection, we cannot hesitate to express our admiration at a monstrosity which at once reminds us of an amalgamation of animal and vegetable, since it is in possession of a mouth, swallow, and fangs, which are hideous to look upon. Though of necessity in a higher sphere than some, we are aware that it is still an inhabitant of that realm in which flourish known and unknown varieties of pleasant and repulsive classes both of plant and bloom. We say we are aware that, in spite of its animalistic proclivities, it is, nevertheless, an inhabitant of the vegetable kingdom; but, bearing in mind such phenomena as the animal flower of St. Lucia, which is not only supposed to live upon the spawn of fish, but which also feeds or recoils if the human hand is put forth to touch it; or that of the chironthodendron of Mexico, the flower of which tree before it has expanded resembles the closed hand of a monkey, and when unfolded the open hand, we venture to assert that the evolutionists might, with as great an advantage, contend that man is no more the outcome or descendant of an animal than a plant. Orchids, we are told in botany, are a natural order of herbaceous endogens, remarkable for the singular form and beauty of the flowers, many of which not only resemble insects, but possess an agreeable fleshy fruit. The spray we have before us is not to be included in the latter class, since not only is it repulsive to look at, but its emanation is so obnoxious that its very presence soon becomes unbearable. We have rescued from the hidden recesses of distant wilds and forest glades plants epiphytal and parasitical, redolent with fragrance and exquisite beauty, but as yet, considering the myriads that exist even under the waters and on land which we have never even dreamt of, we must confess that we know nothing. From what we know, imaginative writers have founded fanciful reports of vegetable monstrosities of whose existence eventually they conclude we may know. Of the tarantula it is said it is ugly and vicious; such a description is exactly applicable to the blossom we have before us. Sometimes it is well to infer, but more often than not we fear that the result may be more fanciful than true. No imaginative writer in our opinion has in this direction succeeded in surpassing the writer's description of the botanical vampire of Nubia. We have read of volcanic trees, electric trees, and now as the latest we have a description of a man-eating tree.

"The vegetable first discovered my presence," he says, "at about fifty yards, I then became aware of a stealthy motion among the thick-leaved leaves, resembling that of a wild beast gathering itself up, or a coil of snakes in motion; each separate leaf was agitated and hungry, leaning over towards me it seemed to be pulling up its roots from the softened ground, till a monster with myriad lips mumbled together for life was upon me. Like one who defends himself from imminent death, I fired my gun, the shot tore its way into the soft body, and as the trunk received the wound it shuddered, and the whole tree was struck with a sudden quiver. I fired again, and another vile fragment was powerless—dead. My fury increased with the slaughter, till the monster was left a wreck as if some hurricane had torn it through. On the ground lay heaped together the fragments, struggling, rising and falling, gasping. Over them grouped in dying languor a few stricken boughs; in the midst stood the glistening trunk. With a rush forward over the fallen foliage, and with a last paroxysm of frenzy, I drove my knife up to the handle into the soft sole, and slipping on the fast congealing sap I fell exhausted and unconscious among the still panting leaves." We have plants that may be termed carnivorous, but whilst we admit that they may be capable of feeding upon insects, we think that the boundary line of vegetable animalistic tendency may with safety be drawn with men.—*Horticultural Times, England.*

Packing Apples for Shipment to Europe. An English firm, engaged in shipping apples from this country to London, gives the following directions to those who pack apples for the transatlantic trade:

"The demand for American apples in Great Britain has increased of late years to such an extent, that for the season beginning August, 1885, and ending May, 1886, the total shipments to the three principal ports, Liverpool, London, and Glasgow, aggregated 862,000 barrels. The magnitude of the business has attracted the attention of many who have no means of ascertaining the requirements for its proper transaction, and numerous inquiries have been addressed to us for this information. These facts induce us to believe that instructions as to the proper course to be pursued will be welcome to a large number of people throughout the apple growing district.

"The most important point to be observed is the packing. The barrels should be new ones made for the purpose. The filling should be done on a platform of boards, and not on the ground. All wormy or bruised fruit should be rejected. The size is not a matter of prime importance. The first layer of apples should be very fine, and uniform in size, should be placed in the barrel stems down, as the bottom becomes the head when the barrel is filled; the remainder should be poured in from baskets, care being used not to bruise any in the operation, and the barrel be well shaken after each basketful until it appears full. More should then be placed on top projecting at least half the thickness of an apple above the top of the chime of the barrel, the head placed on these apples, and with a screw press gently forced into the barrel. The barrels must be well nailed, and lining hoops nailed around both heads to keep them in place.

"The shipping mark must be put on the head of the barrel, and it is a matter of small importance what that mark is. A plain stencil is far the best—the plainer the better, but shippers who send often must remember not to use their brand except for their best parcels. If they wish to send fruit that is not up to their standard it is better to vary their mark, as a reputation for good packing is easily established by any shipper, but may be destroyed entirely by inferior fruit. Some brands of fruit need hardly be shown at the sales so well has their reputation become established.

A Wisconsin strawberry grower, in the *Prairie Farmer*, tells how he managed to raise some extra fine berries: "Strong young plants were set out in the spring of 1884, and all runners and fruit were removed that summer. In 1885 they bore sparingly, after which the outer leaves and runners were carefully cut off and the runners kept off all summer.

"The freight to New York varies. Shippers can say more about that than we can. The freight to Liverpool is usually about three shillings, English money, per barrel, sometimes less, seldom more. There is a statutory charge of 'Dock and Town dues,' etc., amounting to about 15 to 20 cents per barrel, making the entire expense, without the commission, in round figures about \$1.00 per barrel.

"Almost any good keeper will do to go over. Apples of the frail nature of Astrachans will not stand the voyage, but the list of those that will is a long one: Baldwins, Seeks, Pomerays, Jonathans, Russels, Kings, Phenix, Spitzenbergs, Swaars, Greenings, Spies, Gravensteins and Newtown Pippins all do well. Some shippers send all kinds and think that it is the best plan; the trip across is now made in such a short time that apples keep very well if they are sound when shipped and not over-ripe."

Strawberry Culture.

Ellwanger & Barry, nurserymen of Rochester, N. Y., give the following plain and definite directions for home culture of the strawberry:

The Soil and its Preparation.—The strawberry may be successfully grown in any soil adapted to the growth of ordinary field or garden crops. The ground should be well prepared, by trenching or plowing at least eighteen or twenty inches deep, and be properly enriched as for any garden crop. It is unnecessary to say that, if the land is wet, it must be thoroughly drained.

To Cultivate the Strawberry.—For family use, we recommend planting in beds four feet wide, with an alley two feet wide between. These beds will accommodate three rows of plants, which may stand fifteen inches apart each way, and the outside row nine inches from the alley. These beds can be kept clean, and the fruit can be gathered from them without setting the feet upon them.

Culture in Hills.—This is the best mode that can be adopted for the garden. To obtain fine, large, high-flavored fruit, pinch off the runners as fast as they appear, repeating the operation as often as may be necessary during the summer and early autumn. Every runner thus removed produces a new crown in the centre of the plant, and in the fall the plants will have formed large bushes or stools, on which the finest strawberries may be expected the following season. In the meantime the ground among the plants should be kept clear of weeds, and frequently stirred with a hoe or fork.

Covering in Winter.—Where the winters are severe, with little snow for the protection, a slight covering of leaves or litter, or the branches of evergreens, will be of great service. This covering should not be placed over the plants until after the ground is frozen, usually from the middle of November to the first of December in this locality. Fatal errors are often made by putting on too much and too early. Care must also be taken to remove the covering in spring, just as soon as the plants begin to grow.

Mulching to Keep the Fruit Clean.—Before the fruit begins to ripen, mulch the ground among the plants with short hay or straw, or grass mowings from the lawn, or anything of that sort. This will not only keep the fruit clean, but will prevent the ground from drying or baking, and thus lengthen the fruiting season. Tan bark can also be used as a mulch.

A bed managed in this way will give two full crops, and should then be spaded or plowed down, a new one in the meantime having been prepared to take its place.

Horticultural Notes.

The disease of the strawberry plant commonly known as "sun scald" is really due to a fungus, *Ramularia fragariae*, but the heat and drought of the climate, first enervate it and give the fungus a chance to grow.

A WATERVILLE, N. Y., paper says the hop-growers are treating the locs successfully with a tobacco solution. Take a bucket of tobacco chips, put them in a 45-gallon kettle, fill it with water and boil it slowly two hours, settle the tobacco and strain 15 gallons of the liquid into a barrel which is filled up with cold water. Apply to the vines with a pump, and go over the yard about once a week. This is worth trying.

A TREE-PLANTING machine has been invented, which is said by those interested, the Zimmermans, of Buffalo, to do excellent work. The machine will plant 35,200 plants three feet apart in ten hours, and can be arranged to plant from three or four inches apart to one or more rods, setting trees at any desired angle. The Editor of the *Gardener's Monthly* has seen the plans, and sees no reason why it should not be a success. It is probable the price will be quite high, there being no competition, and the expense of making about that of a good reaper.

The Germantown Telegraph says: "August is the best time for setting out new beds of strawberries. Some persons defer it to September, but, in order to get a pretty fair crop next year, it is better to transplant in August, and perhaps the earlier the better. It is well to dig deeply, pulverize well, manure liberally with stable dung; set out the plants when they are washed to be grown in hills in rows two and a half feet apart, and the plants about 15 inches in the rows. The tops and a portion of the roots should be pruned pretty well, the plants set rather shallow, and the soil be firmly pressed about them. The situation should be rather dry, and the plants should be covered lightly in the winter with straw manure from the horse stable.

An Ohio onion planter says that he sowed half an acre to onions a few years ago. They came up splendidly, but soon the maggots commenced to prey on them, and continued to do so until he became discouraged, and he thought if they continued to eat one week longer his prospect for a crop of onions would be ruined. He sent and got five gallons of tar and put one gallon into 10 gallons of water, and stirred it up thoroughly so as to give it the tar scent. He sprinkled his onions over once with this tar water, doing it with a common watering pot. He saw no more effects of the maggots and had a nice yield of onions. He thinks that the scent of the tar water drives the fly away, and it was by this means that he saved his crop of onions.

A Wisconsin strawberry grower, in the *Prairie Farmer*, tells how he managed to raise some extra fine berries: "Strong young plants were set out in the spring of 1884, and all runners and fruit were removed that summer. In 1885 they bore sparingly, after which the outer leaves and runners were carefully cut off and the runners kept off all summer.

The hoe was kept at work until about the first week in September, when a thick mulch of rotten manure was applied. This completed the work until winter, when a covering of corn stalks was put on over the rows. This, with the rotten manure between the rows previously applied, protected the plants in winter. The plants were set two feet six inches between the rows, and 18 inches in the row; but another time I shall plant four feet in the row and two feet apart. I could pick a quart of three plants of Crescent Seedling, right along the row, at two years old. I am satisfied you get the best results at two years, though I got a good crop from plants set out last August."

Apianian.

Do Bees Injure Fruit?

Some good work has been done by N. W. McLean, in charge of the new station at Aurora, Ill., for experiments in bee culture, established by the Department of Agriculture, under Commissioner Colman's direction. Not the least of these was the investigation of the mooted question as to the injury done to fruits by bees. Two colonies of hybrids and one of Italians were placed in a beehive house with fruits of all kinds and in all stages of growth, arranged so that the sun could strike it. The bees were given no food or drink and a high and dry temperature was maintained. The bees inspected the fruit and took advantage of every opening at the stem or crack in the epidermis or puncture made by insects which lay their eggs in the skin of the fruit. When the skin was broken or removed they would lap and suck the juices exposed, but would not attack the skin, even of the tenderest grapes. If the grapes were cracked the bees would suck the juices from the exposed segments until they came to the film separating the broken and exposed segments from the unbroken, beyond which they appeared unable to penetrate. After a thirty days' test another colony of Italians and 20 more different varieties of grapes in all stages of ripeness were introduced, the conditions natural to a severe drought were produced, the test continued for 25 days longer. They showed no more capacity or disposition to offer violence to one variety of grapes than another. No more attention was given the thin-skinned varieties than the thick-skinned. As long as the skin remained whole they did not harm the grapes. When the skins were broken by violence, the juices exposed were appropriated. The extent of damage done could be to grapes burst from over-ripeness depended upon the extent of the rupture in the film surrounding the pulp. A wide rupture may be made in the epidermis, or it may be entirely removed, and if the film is unbroken the pulp remained whole. The film seldom bursts until the grape is about to decay or has begun to do so, and then the fruit is of little value. If a medium sized needle punctured a grape clear through, the bees got only the juice that oozed from the holes thus made, but could not penetrate the pulp. The idea that bees sting fruit is therefore held to be entirely erroneous. Even if the grapes were covered with honey, that would be taken clean by the bees and the skin of the grapes left without a scratch. The evidence thus shows that bees will not hurt perfect fruit of any kind, and only under exceptional circumstances will slightly imperfect fruit be injured by them. Confinement to the hive for a few days, while the overripe grapes were being gathered could be no loss to the apiarist, and the bees would be prevented from gathering the grape juice and storing it in their hives, the excessive use of which produces diarrhoea.

Clipping the Queen's Wings.

The first requisite for clipping the wings is, of course, to have the combs straight, so that they may be readily lifted out of the hive and examined. The next is, that the Queen should be fertilized and laying worker eggs. This can be ascertained by examining the cells, and to be still further sure, examine the capping of the brood, or wait till some of the workers, progeny of this queen, commence hatching. If the queen is clipped before she is fertilized, she is unable to fly out and mate, and will therefore become a drone layer for life. Being sure, then, that these conditions are right, as soon as the queen is found, seize her squarely by the tips of the wings to prevent her from twisting round and injuring herself, or getting loose. Do not be afraid of her; she will not sting, although able to do so. Take hold of her with the right hand, while you hold the frame in the left (if she is on a comb), and as soon as you have got her, set the frame aside. If any bees crawl over your fingers or over the queen, blow them away with your breath or brush them gently off. Now, with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand seize the queen by the thorax, under the wings, in such a manner that she cannot turn or get her hind legs into the scissors, which she is liable to do; and occasionally a queen loses her leg in that way. With a pair of small, sharp, fine-pointed scissors cut off about two-thirds of one of the long wings. If a piece of the shorter wing underneath is also cut off, it does no harm, but it is unnecessary and disfigures the queen, while, if the shorter wing is left intact, the clipping is hardly noticeable to the casual observer, although it forever prevents the queen from flying.

The novice in this operation is liable to become very nervous through fear of injuring the queen or of her escaping from him, and the safest way is, therefore, to take the comb, on which the queen is found, into a closed room, where the queen, if she gets frightened by the owner's clumsy or unsuccessful attempt to seize her, will fly to the window and may be caught there.

As soon as the queen is clipped, set her gently down on a comb held at such an angle that she cannot roll off, if she has become excited and tries to run too fast, not yet knowing that her wings now are useless to her in maintaining her equilibrium. Watch her a few moments to see that the bees do not molest her, then replace the comb quickly in the hive and put on the cover. If any bees attack the queen, thinking from her unusual excitement, or from some strange odor attaching to her from being handled, that she is a stranger, place her on another comb, where she will have access to honey in open cells. She will usually become quiet as soon as she has satisfied her appetite. If that does not help, cage her for a few hours.

—*Pacific Rural Press.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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With the choicest stock of their specialties, STANTARD APPLES, ST'D DWARF PEARS, PLUMS and CHERRIES ever offered to the public, all Young, Thrifty and Well Rooted. Also a very superior assortment of GENERAL NURSERY STOCK, both FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL. At P. C. Smith, Powell & Lamb, Syracuse, N. Y. Dealers are cordially invited to inspect this superior stock or correspond with us, before placing their orders for the coming Fall.

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POWDERS.

Read the Testimonials changed each week.

WONOWSKI, Wis., July 17, 1885.—"I bought one dozen Russian Heave Powders. I bought on down and they are giving excellent satisfaction. Yours truly, C. E. WOLFENDEN, Druggist."

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Poetry.

OUT OF THE SWIM.

Small claim upon the world have I,
For life long since has passed me by,
I scarce know when, I scarce care why.

The years have grown on me apace—
Old friends look sharply in my face,
Some more remembered look to trace.

An idle, lonely life I lead,
I read and smoke—and smoke and read—
Books and a pipe, man's chiefest need.

My room's old fashioned, like myself,
Hung round with plates of curious delf,
Book panelling on every shelf.

An old St. Joshua beauty fair,
A print or two, a quaint arm chair,
Two furry friends the rug to share.

Not much of this world's goods to own—
Enough for one who lives alone,
Whose friends and youth alike are flown.

Sometimes in dreamy reverie—
My old young self comes back to me,
And all the things that used to be.

Old thoughts, old hopes, then fresh and new,
Old fancies that I once thought true,
When life was fair and skies were blue.

The old home, with its childhood joys,
Whose gray walls rang with healthful noise,
The merry shouts of girls and boys.

My father's words of counsel wise,
The lovelight in my mother's eyes—
Ah me, how fast the memories rise.

My college friendship, made for life;
We parted scornful and at strife—
Now I've my books, and he his wife!

Then wondrous plans, Utopian schemes,
Those pleasant ink and paper dreams,
That look so well—I've written dreams.

That sweet face smiling at my side
I swore to guide with lifelong pride—
Well! Heaven took her ere I tried.

Then work that went against the grain,
And money coming just in vain,
For shattered and worn out brain.

All dead! all gone! a tale that's told,
The hot, quick blood of youth is cold,
And I myself am growing old.

I care not when the end may be,
Few here will miss my company,
There some are looking out for me.

One above all will watch, I know—
Ah, love! this world lost all its glow
When you were taken—long ago.

—Christian Burke.

BROWN EYES.

To break a heart it surely ought,
That modest glance of pensive thought,
Though it should bear 'neath kindly crown,
So potent are those eyes of brown.

O, dare I hope for all or naught?
Was that swift look from Cupid caught?
Has he himself those brown eyes taught,
In shy, sweet fashion glancing down,
To break a heart?

What havoc is there can't be wrought,
When eyes with charms like these are sought,
Brown eyes, you'll make me kneel and crouch,
If your dear owner do but frown;
But that smile tells me 't is not sought
To break a heart.

—T. D. Knight.

Miscellaneous.

POOR CHARLY.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

"I am sorry to have to think it; I am, indeed, Charly. But I'm afraid I'm right. Victor Disbrow has no more idea of marrying you than he has of going to the moon. I don't call it the right kind of thing either, for a man to pay any girl the attention he has you, and mean nothing by it. Can't you talk, Charly? Have you lost your tongue, as well as your heart?"

"I think my heart is as safe as my tongue is, Aunt Rhoda."

"Then I'm sure you've both lost a great deal of time. Such Sunday night visiting and sleigh-riding, and junketing generally. I shouldn't want to help a young man spoil my market at that rate."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so, aunt."

Charlotte Glenn's bright face was clouded, and her eyes just ready to drop tears; those eyes that Victor Disbrow called stary in their loveliness.

Victor had been Charlotte's most particular cavalier during the winter past, had elbowed everybody else away from pretty Charly, till no one thought of going with her anywhere when Victor Disbrow was on hand. Charly had a great many beaux before Victor came. She was quite a little belle in her set. But she had been content to drop them all for him. She had spent such a happy winter! Victor's handsome eyes and Victor's handsome face, his expressive voice, which made a little say much, had made it so. Honestly, Charly didn't know whether he had really any brains or heart at all. Looking back on the evenings she had spent with him, the hours on hours she had sat beside him, she could not have recalled, if she had tried, the utterance of one manly sentiment, the expression of one genuine or generous thought.

But Charly was very young, and the man's handsome belongings, face, eyes, voice, his pretty sayings, sandwiched with gentle pressures of Charly's little fluttering hands, or a little more than fraternal attention to her comfort when they were sleighing, had completely enraptured her confiding affections. She was very much in love with Victor Disbrow, or she thought she was, which is the same thing at Charly's age. She was seventeen.

It was not the first time she and Aunt Rhoda had had words about Victor. Aunt Rhoda believed in young people marrying, and she thought the sooner the better when they got to Charly's age. Victor Disbrow was as well as anyone, if he meant business. She had no prejudice against the man; she only thought he meant nothing, and was spoiling Charly's market—fooling with her, as she expressed it.

Charly herself had begun to have some misgivings lately.

There was a Miss Laura Canute who had joined the choir a few Sundays before, a handsome, dashing girl, only just moved to Hazelwood, that Charly was desperately jealous of.

Victor had been to church with her already twice, and Charly had hid herself in the darkest corner of the parlor, and listened all the evening for the click of his smart boots heels on the board walk that led from the

gate to the front door, finishing by crying herself to sleep, both times.

The day before there had been a party at Janet Bondron's, and if she had waited for Victor to come by for her, as she generally did, she would have had to stay at home. But Janet had sent for her to come and help make the cake, and she dressed there, and Victor brought Miss Canute and scarcely looked at poor Charly all the evening. Charly's heart ached in a very strange way that night, and though she tried to be very gay, lest any one should imagine she cared, she had hard work to smile naturally, and nobody was deceived by her pale gladness.

Janet made her stay and sleep with her; and when she got her alone she gave the poor little girl a good shaking and some odd advice.

"Don't you let him get ahead of you, Charly. I always said he was a flirt; and now he's off, you just let him go, and if he ever asks you to go anywhere with him again, don't you go. Tell him you're engaged; and I'll see that you are. You may consider yourself engaged to me, my dear, for any length of time. I'll see you have a bean, if it's nobody but brother Thad."

Charly thought that was pretty sharp practice, but Janet never let her go till she had promised to do as she said; and then, the next morning, Aunt Rhoda, hearing the news, opened her batteries in the manner related.

Rather reluctantly Charly came to the resolve to act upon Janet Bondron's advice. She went to church the following Sunday evening with Janet's brother, and listened with great apparent interest to the sermon, though Victor and Laura Canute sat only half a dozen seats away, and Victor's handsome eyes sent many a curious glance in her direction. She was very wretched, but she kept a pretty good face on it, and Thad, Bondron was just the companion for her under the circumstances. He knew when to speak and when to be silent, and he had a marvelous faculty for choosing safe topics for conversation.

Thad was a bachelor and rich, but about as harsh a contrast in appearance to Victor Disbrow as Vulcan might have been to Apollo. He was not a bean to be despised, however, by any means. Very few of the Hazelwood girls would have hesitated, if he had asked them a certain leading question on the subject of matrimony; and the conclusion generally, on seeing him with Charly, was that Victor Disbrow had been "mitten" in favor of Thad, Bondron.

Thad had always liked Charly. He had watched her grow up a very blossom for prettiness, sweet as a wild rose, soft-spoken and gentle-tempered, and his sister had private means of knowing that he was far from unconscious of it all.

Miss Janet, without doubt, knew what she was about when she suggested as Charly's escort, in a certain emergency, "nobody but brother Thad." Singing-school met Tuesday evening, and at the usual time Charly heard the familiar jingle of Victor's sleigh-bells come dancing down the snowy streets. Hom many times her fond little heart had kept time to the music! Now she only shrank and covered her face with her hands. Was he going to take Laura Canute? Nay, he had stopped at her gate! He was coming in! And Charly began to tremble violently, like the little coward she was.

She went to the door herself when he knocked. Her aunt was out, and there was no one else to go, and she asked him into the cozy little parlor as usual, but with a very unusual tremor in her sweet young voice.

Victor, handsome young scamp, affected not to notice, as he swaggered in and tossed his graceful length upon an easy chair.

"Most ready, Charly?" he asked, glancing ostentatiously at his fine watch.

Charly put up a little hand and smoothed the satin bands of hair upon her white forehead timidly.

"I—I'm engaged, Mr. Disbrow," she said, staring resolutely at the fire with a pair of very unhappy eyes.

Victor, the invincible, looked at her incredulously.

"Charly," he said, reaching her dress, and pulling her toward him, though she resisted him some—"Charly," reproachfully, tenderly putting an arm around her waist and drawing her sweet face down to his.

When he kissed her Charly's pent-up emotion burst forth. She dropped her head on his shoulder in a storm of hysterical sobbing.

Victor knew what it meant. He smiled a little and strained her closer in a clasp that poor Charly thought must be a loving one, and that made her heart thrill with foolish hopes; but he only kissed her! he never said, "Charly, I love you. Charly, will you marry me?"

He knew as well as Charly did that he had only to say those words to make her his own completely. But he was never in his life further from saying them. Victor Disbrow was not a marrying man; and though he appreciated this girl's sweetness as much as it was in his selfish nature to appreciate anything, he had no mind to put a period to those innocent flirtations in which he delighted, by marrying her. Such girls as this were his legitimate prey; such scenes as this, sweet incense under selfish nostrils. Some vague realization of the true state of the case slowly penetrated to Charly's consciousness. Gradually she stopped sobbing, and her heart stopped its wild beating. She waited a moment longer, and drew herself out of Victor's arms.

He would have kept her there, but she insisted with such new firmness that he let her go.

Crossing to the opposite side of the fireplace she stood there, her head leaned against the mantel-piece, her eyes downcast, careless now of the curious glance that watched her.

Really, in those moments, Charly had fought her little battle and won the day. Doubtless some angry mingled with the current of her thoughts, and made her strong just then; and by just so much as she felt her humiliation, in having shown Victor Disbrow her heart so plainly, she hated him for accepting, in such a matter-of-course way, the loving homage he had doled out every art short of words.

Yes, gentle, sweet-tempered Charly hated him, for the moment. There are very few women who are incapable of hating under such circumstances, and it is perhaps an ungodly a panacea as any for a heart diseased as Charly's was.

Victor sat a moment looking at Charly, and warming his shapely feet. Then he rose with smiling nonchalance, brushed her cheek with his good-night kiss and sauntered away.

Little he guessed that his empire was really over in that innocent chat; but as his sleigh-bells clashed in the frosty air, farther and farther away, Charly actually smiled, not very bitterly either.

She opened the door promptly when there came a second knock, and Thad, Bondron came gravely yet pleasantly into the room. Victor had just left, suffering nothing in his face to tell that he had been there before that evening. He had knocked half an hour before, but no one had heard him, and being very much at home there he had opened the door himself and walked on to the parlor. He had barely opened that door and shut it again instantly and quietly stolen away for a time.

He took no notice of Charly's swollen eyes, but he saw them and read aright the troubled gravity that shone out of them. "I will be ready in a moment," she said, and ran away to bathe her flushed face and tie on hood and cloak.

In her mood, the gentle deference, the kind pleasantness of Thad, Bondron's manner was inexpressibly soothing, and though when Mr. Thad, as the girls all called him, carefully tucked her among the buffalo robes, she missed a peculiar tenderness with which Victor managed to envelop the same performance, she remembered it with a thrill that was perhaps as much repugnance as pain.

I do not mean that if she could have had him there beside her again, she would not have felt in a measure the old thrill; but it would have been more from habit than real inclination. Her acquaintance with him had been a sort of intoxication where common to girls of her age, when a handsome and eloquent man lays such flattering homage of look and manner upon the shrine of their loveliness. But in the hearts of all true womanly women, even of seventeen, exists a standard by which even the men of their hearts are measured; and how much more jealously if an honest indignation holds the light? Charly had begun fairly to look at her lover in the light of his own imperfectness.

He brought Laura Canute to the singing-school, and Laura was in high spirits and looking uncommonly well, and with a flush on her cheek, the secret of whose glowing Charly could guess from her own experience. Poor Charly!

The two sat together, and Charly, reading again from her own private tablet, could well enough form an idea why Laura's right hand was so conspicuous, to the total ignoring of the existence of the left.

Poor Charly, again. She stole furtive glances at her own little left hand, wondering at its whiteness under the circumstances. Should she ever be able to feel anything but horribly ashamed of herself?

At intermission Victor sauntered round to where she was sitting, and threw himself down beside her in such a manner as to be easy egress. His handsome eyes had a light in them so soft, so tender, his tones were so low and persuasive as he spoke to her that once more Charly's eyes dropped and her heart beat. But it was only habitually. She threw up her graceful head the next moment with almost a laugh, calling with some light word to Thad, Bondron, who came on the instant, and seeing that it was Charly's desire, stayed and spoiled Victor's anticipated tete-a-tete.

She listened with real interest to Thad's pleasant talk as they glided swiftly homeward that night with the sleigh-bells jingling merrily, and she looked up in his face with such innocent, trusting eyes as made the plain, staid man's heart thrill as he had thought once it never would too.

Mr. Thad had his romance, too—just such a weak little affair as Charly's with Victor Disbrow; but it had been very real to him once, and he had stayed a bachelor all these years for the sake of a girl who as little deserved his love as Victor did Charly's.

He would have liked infinitely to have kissed just once the little face nestled away in its soft wrappings so near his, but he knew very well that he owed the privilege of its being there to Charly's faith in a sort of fatherly regard she had been taught to believe he had for her. It would never do to scare her with another thought.

Victor Disbrow called again early on Sunday evening, having stayed away during the remainder of the week after Tuesday, to bring Charly to her senses, as he phrased it to himself. But Charly had gone home with Janet Bondron after afternoon service and stayed to tea.

Miss Rhoda imparted the fact to him with considerable gusto, peering over her spectacles at him in that pleasant way peculiar to ladies of her prudent turn and elderly habit; and as he stamped angrily down the walk to the front gate, Thad, Bondron's sleigh drove up, with Thad, looking as proud as though he had just been made Czar of the Russias, and Charly on the seat beside him, her pretty face rosy and dimpled with happy smiling.

Victor took his hat quite off and bowed in the most exaggerated fashion. Charly felt the sneer he meant to convey, but she saw also the chagrin which he could not altogether keep out of his handsome face, and any woman can imagine how sweetly she bade him good-evening, regretted that she had not been in when he called and invited him to return and help her entertain Mr. Thad.

Mr. Thad, did not know till that moment that he was to spend the evening, but he beamed so at the idea that Victor had half a mind to accept Charly's invitation and go in just to spite Bondron.

He did not, however. He went instead to see Miss Laura Canute, and balm his wounded vanity in the light of her flattering smiles, which had already begun to pall upon him. The selfish fellow actually regretted Charly. Such enchantment distance lends. Thad, and Charly had a very pleasant evening.

To be sure Aunt Rhoda shared in it, and she and Mr. Thad, did most of the talking. But Charly sat on a low stool before the fire, just where Thad could look at her bright young face without turning his head, and he watched in vain for the creeping over it of any shadowy memories of Victor Disbrow.

As time went on, and just so quietly and unostentatiously Mr. Thad, retained his unwelcome role of cavalier to the prettiest girl in Hazelwood, Miss Rhoda grew first restive

on the market question, not thinking Mr. Thad, could mean anything serious, then wondering, and finally suspicious.

"Charly," she said suddenly one day, "Thad, Bondron likes you."

"Yes, I know he does," Charly said quietly, "and I like him."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Miss Rhoda. "That's not what I mean. You might marry him if you chose, and I advise you to do it."

"A-u-n-t Rhoda!"

Charly was breathless with amazement. "It is the truth," Aunt Rhoda maintained sturdily. "He loves you better than forty-seven Victor Disbrows; and if you don't mean to have him it is time you were giving him the cold shoulder—there!"

Charly made no reply. She had nothing to say. She had, indeed, had her misgivings before, and now she more than half suspected that Aunt Rhoda was right. What if she were? How funny it seemed to think of Mr. Thad, wanting to marry her!

Charly had two days to consider the curious question, and then Sunday evening came and brought with it Mr. Thad, himself. Aunt Rhoda, with rare cunning, left Charly to entertain him alone; and Charly, between being alone with him and her desire to discover whether there was any truth in her aunt's surmises, got fearfully confused, and colored and stammered at nothing in the most absurd fashion.

It was very lucky though for Mr. Thad, for with all his years, he would never have got courage to speak while Charly carried such a saucy smiling face as she did usually. He did not know to this day how he managed to tell her the truth. He thinks Charly got up to fix the fire, and caught her little foot in the rug, and that he caught her as she was falling. He must have blurted out some awkward version of the story his honest, true heart was so full of, for Charly cried out sharply:

"Oh, Mr. Thad! Mr. Thad!" and then covered her face with her hands to hide the sweetest blushes Mr. Thad, thought he had ever seen in his life.

Of course she loved him. There is occasionally a woman who can appreciate a real man when she finds him. And Victor Disbrow is a seedy old bachelor now. He had the small-pox a few years ago, and that spoiled his beauty, and he is not blessed with an overabundance of this world's goods, so he can't dress quite so smartly as he used.

He and Charly never meet; but I don't think he has forgotten her.

At the Dead-Letter Office.

One department is devoted to the remailing of misdirected letters to their writers, if possible. Nineteen-twentieths of them are so returned. The remaining twentieth—amounting to about three hundred thousand a year—are destroyed. The "openers" make no examination of letters, except to see at a glance whether they contain anything of value. This is all done by sixty lady clerks, who dispose of from two to three hundred letters each per day. In the great majority of cases the date and signature of the letter give all necessary information, and the letter, with its original envelope, is soon ready for its return trip. There are many in which the post-office is not given in the heading. In business, as well as social letters, the writer often used perhaps a name by which the neighborhood is commonly called, or some romantic name which he chooses to apply to his farm or residence. In such cases the lack is frequently supplied by the postmark on the envelope. In thousands of cases when the letters are between relatives and friends, the signatures are of the familiar and affectionate sort, such as "Dick," "Sallie," "Mother," "Sister," or "Ducky," all proper enough in their way, but quite too indefinite to be of any service to the examiner. Such letters are generally of no real value, and are of necessity consigned to the flames. When the heading and signature are sufficient the letter is not read, but the class mentioned are examined, as the body of the letter sometimes supplies the missing link. If found to be only a letter of friendship, and containing nothing of importance, it is quickly cast aside. If it relates to business affairs, or contains information of important social and domestic affairs, such as deaths, marriages, etc., all reasonable effort is made to discover either the writer or the person addressed. Frequently letters of inquiry are written by the clerks, and information thus gained may be the means of the letter reaching its destination. But in case the letter furnishes the writer's name and address, no distinction is made as to whether a letter is important or not, all are returned. It is considered that if a person writes to his friend and gets no answer, it will be a satisfaction to him to know that his friend did not receive it. Indeed, the administration of the Post Office Department in every branch is governed by the idea, to its fullest extent, that it is wholly for the benefit and convenience of the people at large.

Full Dress in New Guinea.

The beaux and belles of New Guinea are by no means forbidding. Imagine a man about five feet nine inches in height, his body a nice brown color, covered, if he be a masher, with red earth, and varnished with oil, his face painted in different colors and a piece of polished stone through his nose, his long hair frizzy, ornamented with bird-of-paradise plumes and cockatoo feathers, his teeth black or red, his ears weighed down with huge ear ornaments, his waist compressed to waspish proportions with a broad belt of bark, shell armlets upon his arms and dogs' teeth necklaces around his neck, a breast ornament of boars' tusks or pearl shell, a gayly printed waist ribbon, with long streamers in front and behind, anklets and kneelets of colored flax, and a small, netted bag over his shoulder; imagine all this, and you have a typical New Guinean. The women are like the men for rigidity. The young girls wear a great abundance of ornaments, but after marriage fewer. They are all profusely tattooed, and wear a colored petticoat which reaches to the knee.

MISS MARTINEAU'S TEA.

It was to be served out on the verandah, a sort of open-air annex to the sitting-room, which was located in the second story. The place was perfect, with its lace-worked drapery of vines—purple wisteria, roses, and clematis—and there was a festive awning of Roman stripes unfurled to the south, subduing the sunshine to a hazy mellowness.

"This is just the place to do the ideal in," said Amy Layng, who revelled in the splendor of her friend's newly-acquired fortune.

"In the midst of such enchanting circumstances you never ought to lose your temper, Helene."

Miss Martineau was swinging herself lazily in a pretty hammock, with a look on her face that expressed the most profound indifference. Could it be that she was already bored by the excessive elegance of her position?

"If people would only let me alone," she said with a shrug, "I could behave like an angel. You never annoy me, Amy, but," she added with a comical sigh, "I feel as though it would take me a lifetime to recover from those tete-a-tetes with the dear Count, as Mrs. Stuyvesant calls him."

"Well, I don't wonder at that," said Amy, laughing. "He is not coming to tea, I suppose?"

"He is not asked," Helene replied, with a languid motion of a delicate feather fan which she held.

"Poor fellow! I will tell Oscar he must do his best to replace him."

A dash of unaccountable color appeared in Helene's face, but the parrot feather screened it.

"Is Oscar coming?" she asked languidly.

"I believe so. It is a tremendous concession to you, my dear. He hates society, you know, and I don't think he took very kindly to your engagement to Count Wierlowsky."

"Don't be know that this is all broken off," said Helene, hurriedly.

"Yes," said Amy, "but Oscar is an eccentric, you know, though he is one of the dearest fellows in the world. He was very fond of you, Helene, and I think he is rather afraid to meet you for fear he will find you changed."

"What makes you think that?"

"He asked me whether you were just the same as you were when you used to study Greek with him, and copy his chemistry notes. I know he thinks society and wealth have spoiled you, though I told him the contrary. He says—"

"What?" said Helene, imperiously, as Amy paused and went on sorting her embroidery silks in silence.

"He says," she continued, with a furtive glance at her friend, "if you had never gotten rich he would have been quite sure of you; but that now he could hardly say how you will turn out."

"Indeed!" cried Helene, with a little railing laugh, giving her fan such a savage fling that the ivory handle snapped in twain. "I am indebted to Mr. Dwight for his opinion. When a man takes up preconceived ideas about me, I never think it worth while to combat them."

She got out of the hammock slowly, and trailed her blue cashmere morning gown over the verandah.

"I am going to order bisque and caramel ice," she said suddenly. "Is it the proper thing to have it served in coffee cups, Amy? Shall I bring out my Beluk service?"

Amy adored planning, and the arrangements for Miss Martineau's tea proved very absorbing. When Saturday came the verandah looked like an enchanted garden. The floor was dotted with Oriental rugs, and plants were blooming in every corner, while luxurious chairs and divans were scattered about alongside of oddly-shaped tables spread with embroidered cloths and laden with dainty dainties.

As Oscar Dwight stepped through the curtained window on the verandah in the wake of a butler who conveyed his card to Helene, he realized that he must be very late, for his fine head and gray eyes overtopped a crowd of gossiping teardrunkers already assembled.

Helene was sitting at the far end of the verandah. He singled her out at once, for she was taller than most women, and her small head had a proud pose which he could not fail to recognize. She was at her best that afternoon in a rich gown of crimson plush that was set off with ivory satin and trimmings of duchess lace.

"How beautiful she has grown!" Oscar murmured, with a sharp pang; and yet, if he had not come into her fortune she would probably have married that rascally Russian."

The thought was uppermost in his mind when he met Helene, and she held out to him a hand of faultless shape and fairness.

"Ah, Oscar," she said, with a languid smile—"or ought I to say Mr. Dwight? I am glad to see you—vainly. But how horribly old it makes one feel to find you so grave and mature! You are an inch taller, I do believe. You look like—who was that heathenish Greek you used to dote on?"

"Really now, Miss Helene," said Oscar, with a clever imitation of the fashionable drawl, "you mustn't corner a fellow in that way."

Helene levelled her eyes at him in a brief stare, which gave no response to the amused twinkle in his.

"It is just as I feared," thought Oscar, with a sinking heart. "They have spoiled her among them."

Helene cast a furtive glance at his face and thought how well it had fulfilled its early promise. He was making proper speeches to her now. She listened with a conventional smile, and then said sweetly: "You must take a cup of tea with me. Sit here, if you please. You will find this a cozy corner, and I think you will like my tea."

"I have no doubt of it," Oscar replied. "As Aeschylus says—"

"Mr. Dwight," she cried, flippantly, don't begin by quoting Greek at me! What had Aeschylus to say about tea?"

"Nothing. It was about women."

"O!" said Helene, laughing. "Like other men, I presume he fancied her a great deal about them."

"I don't think he ever fancied that," said Oscar, taking his cup of tea. "He was not such an infatuated fool."

"Your tone is not complimentary, Mr. Dwight. I fear you are a cynic. You ought not to fill your head with heresy. It is not good for you, *pas du tout!*"

"Pardon?"

"Why, you understand French—perfectly, I remember."

"O yes. But my mind never hankered after a sandwich of tongues. I always feel as though I had a slap in the face when I am getting on so smoothly in one language and some one hurls at me a fragment of another. I will speak French with you if you prefer it," he added, more gently.

Helene flushed. How like him that blunt speech was!

"O, no!" she hastened to say. "What will you have? Try these comfits. You will like them, I am sure. They taste just like—"

A luscious Jacquemont rose fell from her corsage. He picked it up and gravely returned it to her without a thought of appropriating it.

"This is like the guava preserve I brought you and Amy from Martinique," he said, tasting the comfit.

"Is it?" she said, carelessly. "I don't care much for those things. I suppose you know most of the people here, Mr. Dwight?"

"Too well," he answered briefly.

"Barbarian!" she cried. "That is not the proper thing to say."

"I never say what I am expected to. I didn't come here to see those people, Helene."

"Unfortunately people! How have they incurred your displeasure?"

"I came to see you," he persisted. "It is not often that I—"

"Miss Martineau," said an attenuated soldier, who precipitated his bows before her, "we are all dying to hear you sing. Won't you favor us?"

Oscar had a fierce desire to give him a kick and send him all the way over. He was bowing so profoundly that it would have taken very little to do it.

"If Mr. Dwight will excuse me," said Helene, turning to Oscar. "No! Stay here and finish your tea. Capt. Eyrie will give me his arm."

Oscar watched her as she moved with languid grace over to where the piano stood. He remembered her voice, fresh, pure, and resonant. She used to sing "Killarney," "Within a Mile of Edinboro," and "The Last Rose of Summer," but now it was "Les Fleurs des Alpes," and a waltz song of Leococo's. Her voice had improved with time and cultivation, but there was something left out of her songs.

"She is just as much lost to me as though she had married that Russian," said Oscar, bitterly, and as soon as he could he went away.

He left her with a listless handshake. He was the first to go, for his guests generally staid late, and it was deep in the twilight before the last farewell was spoken.

There is nothing more forlorn than a festive scene after the guests have departed. Helene looked around the verandah with a wretched feeling of loneliness, and suddenly, with an irrepressible sob, she flung herself down on the couch where Oscar had sat beside her.

"O, my love!" she cried, with a burst of bitter tears. "You do not care for me at all."

The moon had risen high and full. Through the screen of tangled vines the silvery light fell upon her prostrate form, which was shaken with a storm of grief.

"Helene?"

She sprang up as though some one had struck her when she heard Oscar Dwight pronounce her name.

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DISINTERESTED LOVE.

When I think of your tender eyes of blue,
And your smiling lips, my tongue would
And your blooming cheek—my tongue would
speak
The sweetest tale I know.
When I think of that strange and subtle air
That always clings about you,
And your footstep fills my heart with thrills
I feel I can't live without you.
When I think of your dainty girlish grace
And your curling locks of gold,
Ah, then I feel—that I feel would kneel
And your lover hold.
And how hard my fortune seems,
When I know beyond a doubt, you
Own six per cents and a block of rents,
I know I can't live without you.
—The Keynote.

The First Cigar.

The first smoke doesn't last as long as a case of sea-sickness, but while it does last it is original and unique. The new smoker is no judge of cigars. He invariably takes a strong one. He goes a good deal by the box in which he finds the cigars. If a cigar has a fancy paper about it, he will take it at any price. If he lives he will know better. Out on the shady side of the barn he takes himself and his cigar. He is afraid that someone will molest him. He lights the cigar, and holding it in the most awkward manner between his fingers, puffs and expectorates. It seems manly to smoke, and he pictures himself narrating to his chums how well he handled himself and his first cigar. The sensation is not at all pleasant. He allows longer time to elapse between his puffs and wishes that the cigar would burn up more quickly. The mouth has a peculiar taste which frequent expectation will not remove. The old familiar fence is turning green. He sees everything clear around him. He is better after awhile. Flat on his back on the green sward, he looks up at the blue heavens overhead and watches the fleecy white clouds float in many directions. Dinner has no attractions for him. Candy would not tempt him to get up. He hears his name called by an elder brother. It sounds away off, as if in a dream. Nearer it comes, and finally the owner of the voice comes around the corner of the barn. He guesses the cause, for he sees the half-smoked cigar. If he is a real good boy with a box full of Sunday-school tickets he will tell his mother, and the young smoker will be taken to the house and lectured for the rest of his boyhood days. If he is a real bad boy, one whose badness insures his living to manhood's estate, he will get his sick brother up on the hay in the old barn, and will tell a fib at the table to excuse his absence. His kindness will cost the inexperienced smoker later on many marbles, much candy, and the best of everything. Will threaten to inform their parents many times of the first smoke, and will scare the smoker into many scrapes and much trouble.—St. Paul Globe.

The Origin of Lawn Tennis.

Football never became naturalized in France, but various other games flourished there. The most important of these was unquestionably the *jeu de paume*—the parent game of fives, rackets and tennis. The ball used was a hard one, and was struck backward and forward by players ranged in two opposing lines. Later padded gloves were introduced, and later still the racket. In 1424 a girl named Margot excelled all men players of the game. She wore no gloves, and struck the ball indifferently with the palm and back of her hand. The name "fives" seems to point to a development of the *jeu de paume* in which there were five players aside; and it is on record that a match of this description was played at Elvetham by the Marquess of Hertford's servants for the education of Queen Elizabeth, who, as in duty bound, expressed herself vastly delighted with the performance. But long before the days of Queen Bess tennis proper had burst into its complicated life. Her royal grandfather and father were both great exponents of the game, and it is to be noted with sorrow that the former pursued the reprehensible practice of having "something on the game." There may still be seen a paper of accounts with the entry, "Item, for the king's loss at tennis, twelve pence; for the loss of balls, three pence." The memory of Henry VIII's great game is still green in the annals of France. He played with the Emperor Maximilian against the Prince of Orange; and eleven games were played, and then the parties agreed to leave off and consider the contest as undecided; though on what ground this last step was taken is not very obvious to the modern, who has a tendency to believe that one side must have the advantage after an uneven number of games. The direct descendant of tennis is the game known as the lawn tennis. Though of comparatively recent origin, its authorship is not less obscure than that of Junius's letters; and the warfare already waged in pamphlets on the subject is probably but a foretaste of the dispute that will be raised a few hundred years hence, when there will have been time for several more inventors to have claimed the credit of adapting tennis to the open air. Tennis proper fortunately still survives, though not with the same vigor which characterizes the equally ancient king of ball-games—cricket. Golf, hockey and trapball yet flourish in their own places; but bandyball, stoolball, ringball, clubball and pall-mall—seems tottering into an early grave. Marbles still afford amusement, though not perhaps, in the same circles of society as in the fifteenth century; and the undergraduates of Oxford, in obedience to the statutes, have left off playing the game on the steps of the school.

Customs of the Omaha Indians.

The Omahas, it appears, form a nation with a considerable body of ordinances. Their supreme chief is the "sacred pole." It is a cotton-tree which, wanting a ruler, they felled two hundred years ago, and, having put hair on its head, invested with authority. It is regularly greased. A prominent warrior is believed to have lost his leg from omitting

to grease the pole. Scaples are offered to it. Omahas are imaginative in their names. Among them are "Rusty-yellow Corn-husk," "Stomach Fat," "Forked Lightning Walks," "She who is Returning Bellowing," and "She who is Made Muddy as She Moves." Omaha matrimonial law is based, like that of most primitive clans, on the view that the community has all the same ancestors. An Omaha may not wed his deceased wife's sister unless the dying wife should have said to her brother, "Pity your brother-in-law. Let him marry my sister."

Polygamy, within limits, is lawful, with the first wife's consent. A man may not lawfully sleep to his wife's grandmother. So strict is the Omaha etiquette about mothers-in-law that a son-in-law will fly from the room in which his mother-in-law happens to be. Omahas are cleanly in their habits; they bathe daily. An untidy man or woman is nicknamed "The man who does not wash his hands," or "The woman who does not comb her hair." They are so redoubtable as archers that they can send an arrow right through a buffalo. They are skillful in games, one of which, described as shooting at the rolling wheel, might be popular in Europe. Dancing, however, is their favorite pastime; and they have a variety of societies or clubs, each of which owns a characteristic dance. There is the rare buffalo dance, danced after the recovery of a patient by doctors, who may invite members of the horse dance, and not of the wolf dance. The grizzly bear dance has not been danced for ten years. Its dancers paint their bodies yellow, and one wears a grizzly bear's skin. The scalp dance is a woman's dance. In the ghost dance no woman may join.

A Mexican Park With a History.

How many associations crowd on one during a morning walk through the park of Chapultepec! Here in the crisp hours after the dawn walked Montezuma and his Aztec court. Here, under the huge overhanging branches, rode or drove Maximilian and Carlotta. Up through the forest of Chapultepec, their faces blanched and grave, every voice hushed, dashed the scaling party of American soldiery in the time of that mad and wanton war with Mexico. They scaled the crags at the south of the castle while the rest of the little army kept the attention of the Mexican troops at the north side where there is an easy slope. So near that with a stout bow you could shoot an arrow on to the field of the battle is the historic site of the fight of Molino del Rey, or King's mill, and a brick building there still bears, in half legible letters, the words, "Molino del Rey." There Grant won fame and good repute with his superior officers. While you are walking on under the trees thinking of the panorama which the unfolding scroll of history brings before you, there dashes by an open carriage from which gaze at you the dark eyes of the fair descendants of the stout-hearted archer who conquered the Aztec monarchy. If a man has any sentiment in him, this ancient and historic park will bring it to the surface. To the artist, the noble castle dominating the hill of Chapultepec, its terraces and towers far above the tallest trees of the forest beneath, is an entrancing picture. The mysterious line of the massive and time-stained aqueduct, half discerned through the trunks of the trees and the low-growing shrubbery, forms the boundary on the northeastern side of the park. From occasional fissures the water gurgles forth, and if you stop and watch quietly, you shall see bright-hued birds glide down from the tall trees to bathe in the little pools formed by the escaping water. Far away, perhaps, you hear the call of shrill bugles. It is from the great white stone barracks on the hillside at Tacubaya.

About Married Women's Names.

It is becoming the fashion among married ladies to keep their maiden name in addition to their husband's surname. This practice has long been in vogue among actresses and other ladies who have made a reputation for themselves before marriage, the benefit of which they are unwilling to lose. The names of Mesdames Goldschmidt-Lind, Trebelli-Bettini, Lemmens-Sherington, and hosts of others, will readily occur to every one as cases in point. But until lately the fashion was confined to actresses, singers, authoresses, and other ladies whose loss at marriage through the change of name would have been so substantial a pecuniary one that it might be estimated in thousands of pounds. It is only now that ladies in private life have begun to realize the fact that their own lot in unchanging their name, and thus, to a great extent, losing their identity, is quite as real and quite as important to themselves as the actress would be to her, although possibly no one would go so far as to say it had a monetary value. When a girl marries, it is usually only the favored few who are present at the wedding breakfast who really manage to remember her new name and address. How often we hear the question: "What is Mary So-and-so's name now, and where does she live?" How often the answer brings the rejoinder: "Dear me! we must have been quite close to her the other day; what a pity we did not know, we should have liked so much to go and see her." Hence the present movement on the part of married women. It certainly will have many advantages if it becomes general, not only to the ladies themselves, but to all their friends and acquaintances, especially if the double surname comes, in course of time, to be the distinguishing mark of a married woman, for, as it would form part of a lady's ordinary signature, which the title of Mrs. or Miss does not. Many a correspondent would be relieved from the harassing doubt which now besets him as to whether he is to address his reply to Mrs. Miss, or Esq.

Inevitable Graves in the West.

It is an awful sight to see a man drown, but with foresight and skill no man need drown. Fancy a sea in which there is no swimming, and a sea into which you may plunge unaware. A man is loping over the green prairie, looking out from under his broad sombrero at the lazy cattle and the prairie dogs playing in the sun. Suddenly there is a sound like a giant's throat swallowing a choking shout of terror. The prairie dogs run into their holes, and a moment later come out cautiously, curiously and frightened. The tall, reed-like grass is waving where the horse and rider were just now. The antelope on the crest of the divide yonder look around them watchfully. But there is nothing to fear, no man in sight. He is going to town, that rider, with the wages of a hard winter's work in his pocket, riding his favorite broncho, dressed in the buckskins he had fringed in the winter evenings, ready to show the foolish girls how brave he looked in his rude attire. Where is he now—like his horse? In a grave of slimy, shivering mud—alkali paste, blue with a nameless tint of putrid death, has filled his throat—covered his eyes before he could close the lids.

What does this mean—this hideous freak of nature—some work of a devil endowed with a moment's power? No, only an alkali sink; only a natural well filled with a paste as yielding as water, retentive as hell. Picture to yourself the surface setting back to its normal quietude with an indescribable gulp, a ghoul-like smacking of the lips. A grave that supplies itself with dead, a grave that buries itself before it kills, an insatiable, bottomless grave, set like a trap for the living. The sink-hole is not always covered with grass, sometimes it has a caked and seamed crust of bluish white alkali on the top of it. But even that is a poor safeguard, for the long, green grass around it will hide it from the rider until it is too late to avoid it.

"The tenacity of this paste of mud is something incredible," says a writer. "I have never seen a man caught in a sink-hole, but I have seen a man ride to the edge of one, discover it too late to turn his horse, and, shaking himself loose in the saddle, vault over the horn-pommel, when the pony was caught, striking the ground far beyond the sink-hole. There were twenty men there, and before the horse had sunk far there were half a dozen ropes fast to him. Half a dozen strong ponies can pull almost anything, but they could not draw that horse back from the grave that was closing over him. There is a strange suction about this alkali—it holds all it grasps with a horrible pertinacity."

Religious Intolerance in Russia.

The deplorable intolerance in religious matters which distinguishes Russian rule, has just obtained fresh victims, one named Tikhonoff, an inferior functionary of the telegraphs; the other, Veksdine, a countryman. These were a few weeks ago summoned before the court of Novgorod for an offence against orthodoxy, an offence detailed in the 189th paragraph of the Penal Law. Tikhonoff, it was alleged, has assembled various persons and told them that he could not find the Orthodox Church to be right in recommending the worship of Holy images. "The Saviour," he said, "never spoke one word about such images. We ought to worship God alone, and when praying we should do well if we did as the Saviour told us to do, to go into our chamber instead of praying in the streets as the Pharisees did in the old time and as the Orthodox do now." Many of the hearers sympathized with the views of Tikhonoff, and the other offender, Veksdine, seems to have carried on an energetic agitation for the "new truth."

The two men charged with the offence were sentenced to hard labor. A great crowd attended the trial, consisting for the most part, of sympathizers with the defendants. Only one of all the Russian papers and reviews has had the courage to make any remarks about this sentence. That organ, a review called the *Viestrik Tervopi* (The European Messenger), asks what the adherents of Tikhonoff and Veksdine, who attended the trial, can think of the case? It can scarcely be supposed, the writer says, that this sentence will, in their eyes, be judged a sufficient proof that Tikhonoff and Veksdine are wrong and the Orthodox Church right. It is much more probable that the condemned men will be considered martyrs to truth, and that the number of their secret adherents will increase. All that the Orthodox Church can gain by its severity is to increase the number of religious hypocrites.

Sizzling in Warm Water.

Working people, because of the clinging of dust to their perspiring persons, a sanitary authority says, become fit subjects for the bath tub frequently; but too frequent bathing, however, is weakening. For most people a bath before breakfast and ere retiring to rest is waste of valuable time, and does no good at all. Fat men ought to have a good, cold sponge in the summer time, and a hot bath once a week. If workwomen adopted the latter practice, there would be fewer diseases prevalent than is the case at present. A warm bath taken immediately after having been in contact with any one affected by contagious disease will ward it off in nine cases out of ten.

Gamblers and Army Officers.

Says a Laramie (Wyoming) letter, one of the brakemen on the Overland, in discussing the tricks of the fellows who work the trains, said: "It is often charged that railroad men stand in with the sharps, but they don't do anything of the kind. I know most of them, and have known them for years, but I can't go around punching passengers in the ribs and telling them to look out. I did that a few times and got the worst of it, and, besides that, I have

noticed that sometimes the passengers come out ahead. We had an army officer on board once last Fall, and he cut the heart out of one of Doc Bragg's men in a poker game, and I've known others to beat them in their own games. The boys are usually very careful about getting in with army officers. You can generally tell an officer by his outfit, but not always. They're worse than the sharps, especially after they've been out here a few years. The boys have a superstition as to them which is funny. They think if they play with one without knowing who he is that their luck is gone forever. I knew one fellow who killed himself after trying for twenty-four hours to skin an officer, thinking he was a stock man.

She Outwitted the Bible.

The sight of the old Church Bibles reminds us of the days of yore, when persons suspected of witchcraft were often weighed against them, writes William Andrews, F. R. H. S., in *Home Chimes*. We find, in turning over the pages of the Annual Register, under the year 1759, the following allusion to the practice:

"One Susanna Hannokes, an elderly woman of Wintgrove, near Aylesbury, was accused by a neighbor for bewitching her spinning-wheel, so that she could not make it go round, and offered to make oath of it before a magistrate; on which the husband, in order to justify his wife, insisted upon her being tried by the Church Bible, and that the accuser should be present. Accordingly she was conducted to the parish church, where she was stripped of all her clothes to her shift and undercoat and weighed against the Bible, when, to the small mortification of her accuser, she overweighed it and was honorably and speedily acquitted of the charge."

The belief in witchcraft lingered a long time in that country; and even as late as 1768 that great and good man, the Rev. John Wesley, wrote in his journal: "The giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." The laws against witches were repealed in 1736 with little opposition, although not long prior to this year Mrs. Hicks, together with her daughter, a child of nine, was executed at Huntingdon on July 23, 1716, "for raising a storm of wind by pulling off her stockings and making a lather of soap in a basin in league with the devil." They were the last persons hanged in England for witchcraft.

We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and as much feeling for the rest of the world as ourselves.

VARIETIES.

EXTRAORDINARY MEDICAL SKILL.—One stormy night, when the roads were well impassable, a son of Erin came to a doctor's office and desired the dispenser of physic to go to see a friend who was "jist a-dyin'." He would not take no for an answer; so, putting the saddle-bags upon his horse, the physician started out upon his journey. As soon as he saw the sick man he knew it was nearly over with him, and remarked to the courier: "Peter, you told the truth; your friend is just at the point of death."

"No; it is too late." "But do, doctor, altho' ye goin' to give beem anything at all at all!" "It will do no good." "But, docthor, ye have come so far, it would be too bad to go back without doing anything." For the peace of Peter's mind, the doctor now took a small quantity of sugar from a phial, and placed it upon the dying man's tongue just as he was drawing his last breath. Peter, seeing his friend's head drop back, looked up to the doctor with big eyes, and said, half in a whisper: "Oh, docthor, and didn't ye do it quick!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

MARTYR SELF-PROTECTION.—Capt. Jack Adams, formerly of the 19th Massachusetts, the present sergeant-at-arms of the State Legislature, has a keen sense of humor and can appreciate anything that has even 40 per cent of a joke about it. One afternoon during those dark days of the late civil war the captain was walking along a lonely road in Virginia, some distance from his camp, when a peculiar noise in an adjacent field attracted his attention: in double time he arrived upon the scene; there laid the carcass of a fine veal mutton "as he grazed the table of an epicurean brigadier, standing over it with a 'shepherd's' look was a six-foot-three-soldier, with his rifle. Under Captain Jack's penetrating and questioning glance the boy-in-blue never winced, but with a look of injured innocence, volunteered the remark: "I'll be hanged if I'll let any darned sheep bite me!"

"Oh! I am dying, doctor, I am dying," moaned a Bloomington man, as he lay on his parlor floor yesterday. "Ah! said the man of squilla, 'it's your spine. What caused it?' " "Base-ball," said the poor man. "You, sir, play that odious game, and a man at your age, too! Been sliding in on home plate on your back, I presume," said the doctor, with a look of deep disgust. "No," feebly moaned the cripple. "Umpire, was you, eh?" "No; I stepped on the ball at the head of the stairs, and touched the home-plate in the cellar."

A CERTAIN distinguished United States Senator on one occasion was in Calcutta on a tour around the world, and among the places visited was the English cemetery. There were many noted Englishmen buried there, and such names as George Gordon, Bart., Henry Trevelyan, Bart., were so numerous as to attract the Senator's attention. Finally he said:

"My, my; this Bart family must be a large and influential one. I remember to have seen the name in London, but I had no idea they were such prominent people. Really, when I go back to England I must look them up and get better acquainted."

The painter Munkacsy has made a witty reply. A Vienna gentleman came to see him the other day and explained that he would like to buy some pictures from him; "only," he added, "I cannot afford to pay the prices you now ask. Could you not tell me where I could find some of your early work, painted when you were a young man in Hungary—

something that I could buy cheap?" "Certainly; there are two or three hundred in my native village in Munkacsy—the houses I painted when I was Michael Lieb, painter and glazier."

The French of the South of France are noted for a slight—a very slight tendency to exaggerate. A native of that favored clime was present recently when some one was describing a telephone which had been constructed between a town in France and one over the border in Spain.

"Oh! that's nothing," commented the native, not to be overcome by so trifling a circumstance; "you should see the one I've just invented. By using that you could talk French in the receiver at Marseilles, and it would come out Spanish at Madrid."

"Say, where are you going?" said Wilkins to his wife. She glared at him as she snappishly replied: "If you must know—though it's none of your business—I'm going to spend the day with the Thompsons."

"I'm so glad, dear. I always did hate those Thompson people."

"Yes, I know you hate them. That's my principal reason for liking them. I love them for the enemies they have made."

"Why do you applaud at this time?" asked a gentleman of another, who indulged in vigorous manifestations of delight long after the close of each act. "Ah! de entre acte! It is beautiful!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "But there is a thing—absolutely nothing. The orchestra is dumb, and all is quiet on the stage," persisted the gentleman, more puzzled than before. "To be sure, said I—encore so quiet. It is charming—what you call magnificent. After that performance I could listen to a zequel forever."

"My dear," said an anxious wife to her husband, who is running for office, "we must economize in every possible way." "Do economize," he replied. "Yes," she bitterly replied, "you spend ten or fifteen dollars a day treating a lot of bar-room loafers to beer and whiskey just to get them to vote for you. Do you call that economy?"

"Certainly, that's political economy."

"Can you give me that ten dollars, Jaggers?"

"What ten dollars?"

"The ten dollars you borrowed on the road."

"All right, my boy. I'll pay it to you in some other way."

"Well, make it as near like ten dollars as you can."

Editor (measured)—In making up the list showing the steady increase in our circulation, you had better add a hundred to each of the small towns.

Clerk (obsequiously)—As you say, sir; but I think the increase had better be given to the large cities. We already claim a circulation of three copies to each family in the small towns.

"Mamma, you read the other day that a tiger died of eating sawdust."

"Yes, dear. He swallowed it with his feed. Sawdust was thrown into his cage to keep it clean."

"Mamma, is there any likelihood of my doll dying? She's gone and eaten herself chuck full of sawdust."

Chaff.

Masters of freehand drawing—Pickpockets: The downward path—The one with a piece of orange-peel on it.

A polite way of dunning a man is to send him a bunch of forget-me-nots.

Women who deal in stocks are termed "mad-hens" in San Francisco.

Why is gooseberry jam like counterfeiting coin? Because it is not current.

Why is a worn-out horse like a bad play?—Because it can't run and won't draw.

Do not judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

A college year is like one of those "hoop" snakes—it has its commencement so near the end.

Never borrow trouble. Of course not. There is always somebody that will give you a all you want.

The newspapers keep right on talking about "brutal prize fights," just as if there were any other kind.

A lawyer is frequently embarrassed by facts; but rarely is he embarrassed by the absence of facts.

It is wrong to speak of a "respectable" assessor as a "big game man gone wrong." He is a bad man found out.

"What would you do to prevent bank officials from going to Canada?" "Clothe them in check suits, of course."

A porous plaster has been boycotted. We defy the best organized boycott in America to discourage a porous plaster after five minutes start.

"I wish Columbus had never been born," was what a London merchant said when he heard that his cashier had left for New York with all the assets.

Beware of the young man who writes love letters with a type-writer. They may be dictated, and if he dictates before marriage he will boss afterward.

"Fine complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Briskley, the artist. "I know it," replied Briskley, "she and I buy our colors at the same shop."

"Were you ever in an engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a militiaman. "Yes, one," replied the son of Mars; "but she used me for breach of promise."

Mr. Middleman met three tramps the other morning; to the first one he gave five cents; to the second, ten; and to the third ten cents, what time was it?—A quarter to three.

Doubtful-looking Guest—"Landlord, have you a fire escape in this hotel?" Experienced Landlord—"Yes, sir, but we generally keep the bull-dog chained at the bottom of it."

He was a persistent little boy who told his mother, who thought he was too young to wear trousers, that "he would be willing to go without pockets if he could only wear something that had legs."

Proud Parent—"How's that for a baby?" Old Bachelor—"Well, my experience with babies is limited, but I should think this one might possibly be worth bringing up. (Struck suddenly with an idea.) Why not try it?"

The condition of trade in some circles is well illustrated by the answer of an Italian fruit peddler on State street, who, when asked, "How is business?" replied: "Alla moda I make on peanut I lose on banana!"

An exchange thinks that the Chinese way of removing dandruff with sandpaper is the most effective. Perhaps it is; but the common North American Indian has a plan which, though quite abrupt, is said to be reasonably sure.

A young lady in San Leandro dreamed the other evening that she was riding and that the horse was running away. She jumped and fell from the bed to the floor, dislocating her shoulder. Thrown from a night-mare, as it were.

The organ-grinder, accompanied by the inevitable monkey, was performing to the delight of the children. A father asked his son of five years how he liked the music. "I like it very much," he replied, "but I pity the monkey's little brothers."

Reporter—"Are you going to work to-day, Pat?" Pat—"Sure, I dunno. My cild ro-

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE LIVER
Secretes the bile and acts like a filter to cleanse impurities of the blood. Symplicity in its action or suspensions of its function, the bile becomes weak, causing jaundice, bilious complexion, weak eyes, bilious diarrhoea, a languid, weary feeling, and many other distressing symptoms generally termed liver troubles. These are relieved at once by the use of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA the great blood solvent.

DYSPEPSIA
Variable appetite; faint, gawking feeling at pit of the stomach, heartburn, wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, loss of spirits, general prostration. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and it can in all cases be traced to an enfeebled or poisoned condition of the blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by cleansing and purifying the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and relief is obtained at once.

THE BLOOD
Is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by the lack of sufficient nourishment furnished to the system through the blood, usually affecting the glands, often resulting in swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck. Erysipelas is skin it and is often mistaken for Scrofula as it comes from the same cause, impure blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, by purifying the blood and toning up the system, forces the impurities from the blood and cleanses the system through the regular channels.

SCROFULA
Is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by the lack of sufficient nourishment furnished to the system through the blood, usually affecting the glands, often resulting in swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck. Erysipelas is skin it and is often mistaken for Scrofula as it comes from the same cause, impure blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, by purifying the blood and toning up the system, forces the impurities from the blood and cleanses the system through the regular channels.

KIDNEYS
Are the great secretory organs of the body. Into and through the kidneys flow the waste fluids containing poisonous matter taken from the system. If the kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained and poisons the blood, causing headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the kidneys and bowels, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great organs of the body to resume their natural functions, and health is at once restored.

DR. JOHN BULL—I have been for a number of years afflicted with a mercurial headache and a dull, heavy pain in my liver. Three bottles of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA gave me more relief than all the others combined.

DR. JOHN BULL—I have examined the description for the preparation of DR. JOHN BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, and have found it to be an excellent one, and well calculated to produce an alternative action on the system. I have used it both in public and private practice, and think it the best article of Sarsaparilla in use.

DR. JOHN BULL—I procured one bottle of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA for my eldest son. Among the remedies and various prescriptions that he has tried for weak lungs and chest, this one has been of more benefit to him than all. It has cured him of dyspepsia as well as the blood and kidneys in numbers of the above cases.

DR. JOHN BULL—It is my opinion that your preparation of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is decidedly superior to any other now in use, and I have great pleasure in recommending it for the cure of scrofula and all diseases of the blood and kidneys.

DR. JOHN BULL—I have used BULL'S SARSAPARILLA for rheumatism and kidney trouble, and have taken it for asthma and general debility. It has given me both great relief.

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